KEEPING COMPANY.

KEEPING

COMPANY.

NAME FOR MARKING.

A TIDY IN CROCHET.

Capewell & Kimmel. Sc.

GODEY'S FASHIONS.

Capewell &

GODEY'S

t. Rimmel. Sc.

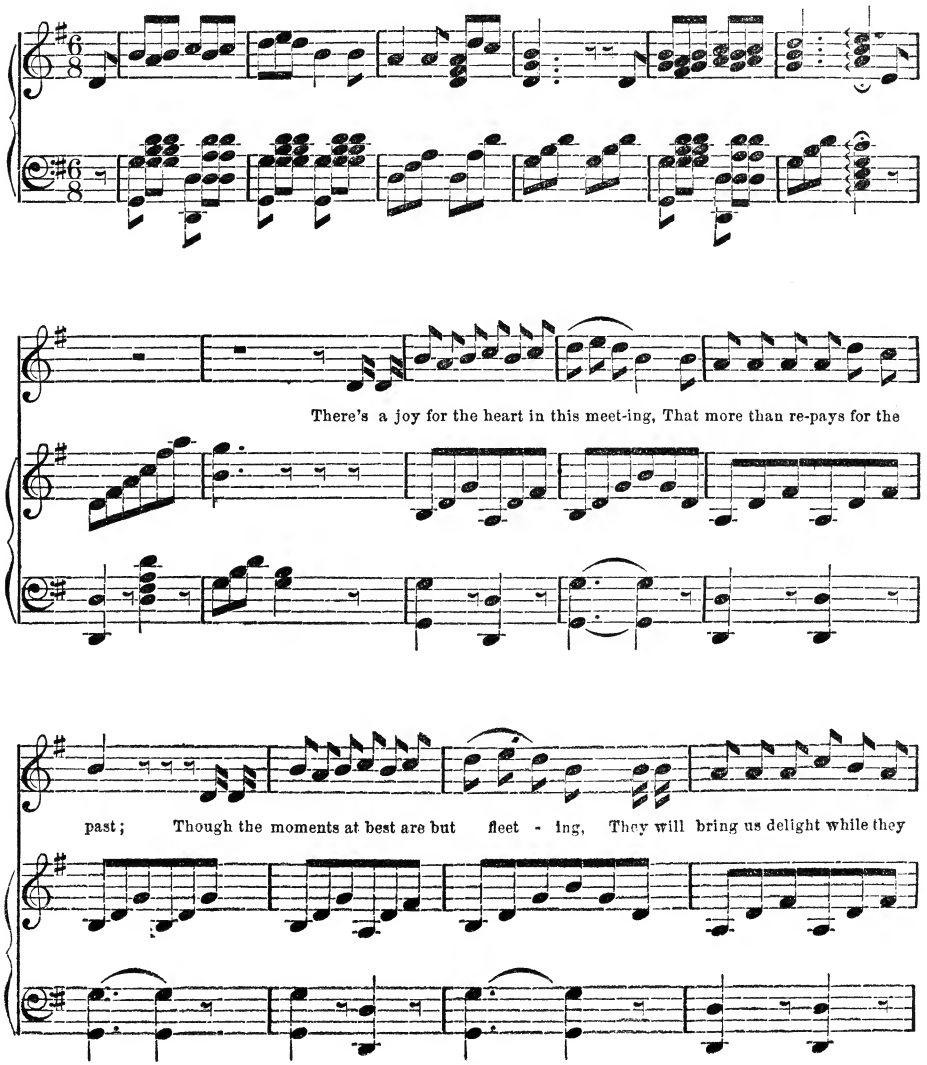
FASHIONS.

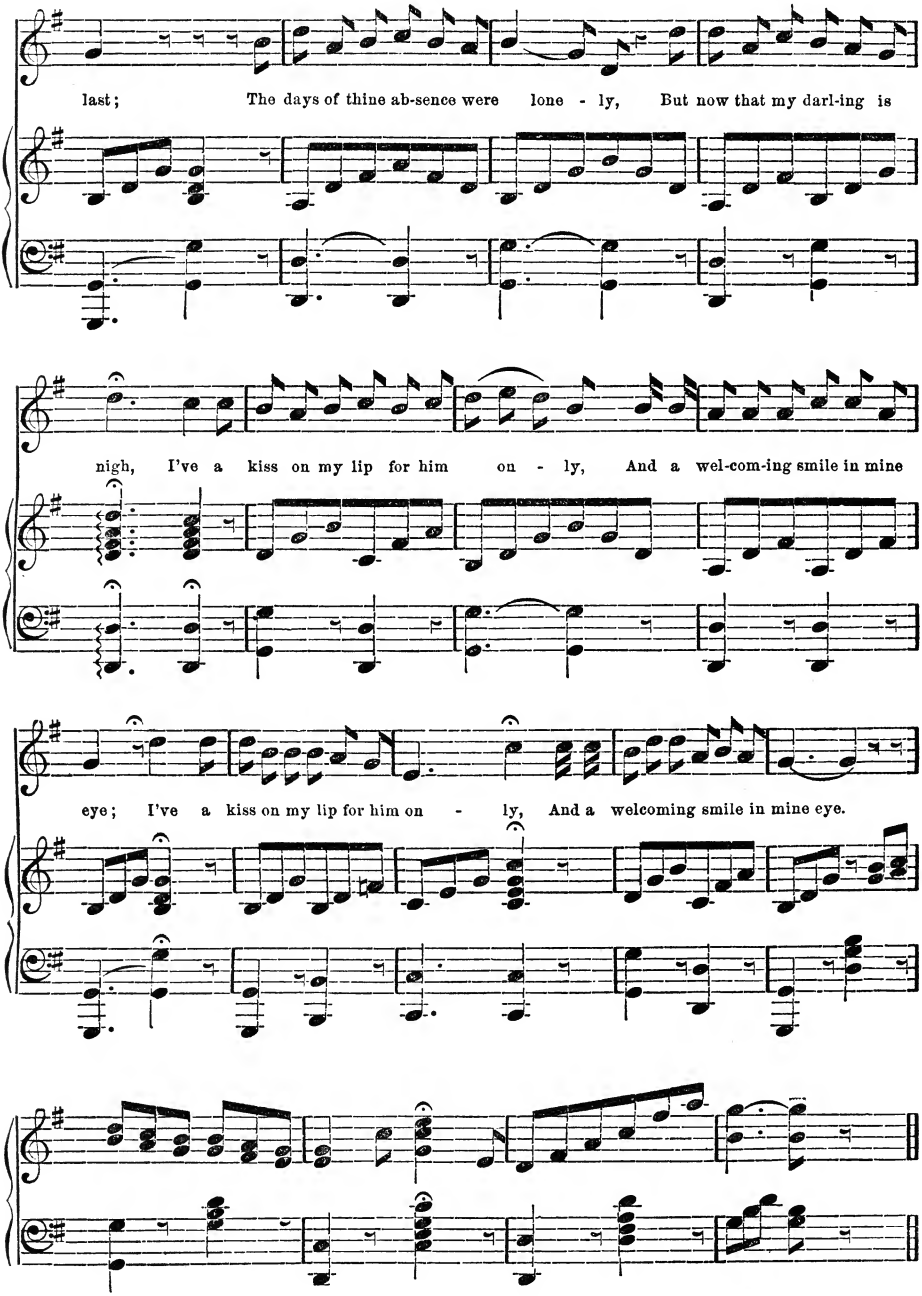
A DRUM "MINOR."

There's a joy for the heart in this meeting.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,

By JAMES M. STEWART.





My brow that was shrouded with sadness,
The cheek that was wet with a tear,
Henceforth shall be mantled with gladnes
Unmingled with sorrow or fear.
The love-light that softly beams o'er us,
And gladdens the heart with its ray,
In the beautiful future before us,
Shall increase as the years pass away.

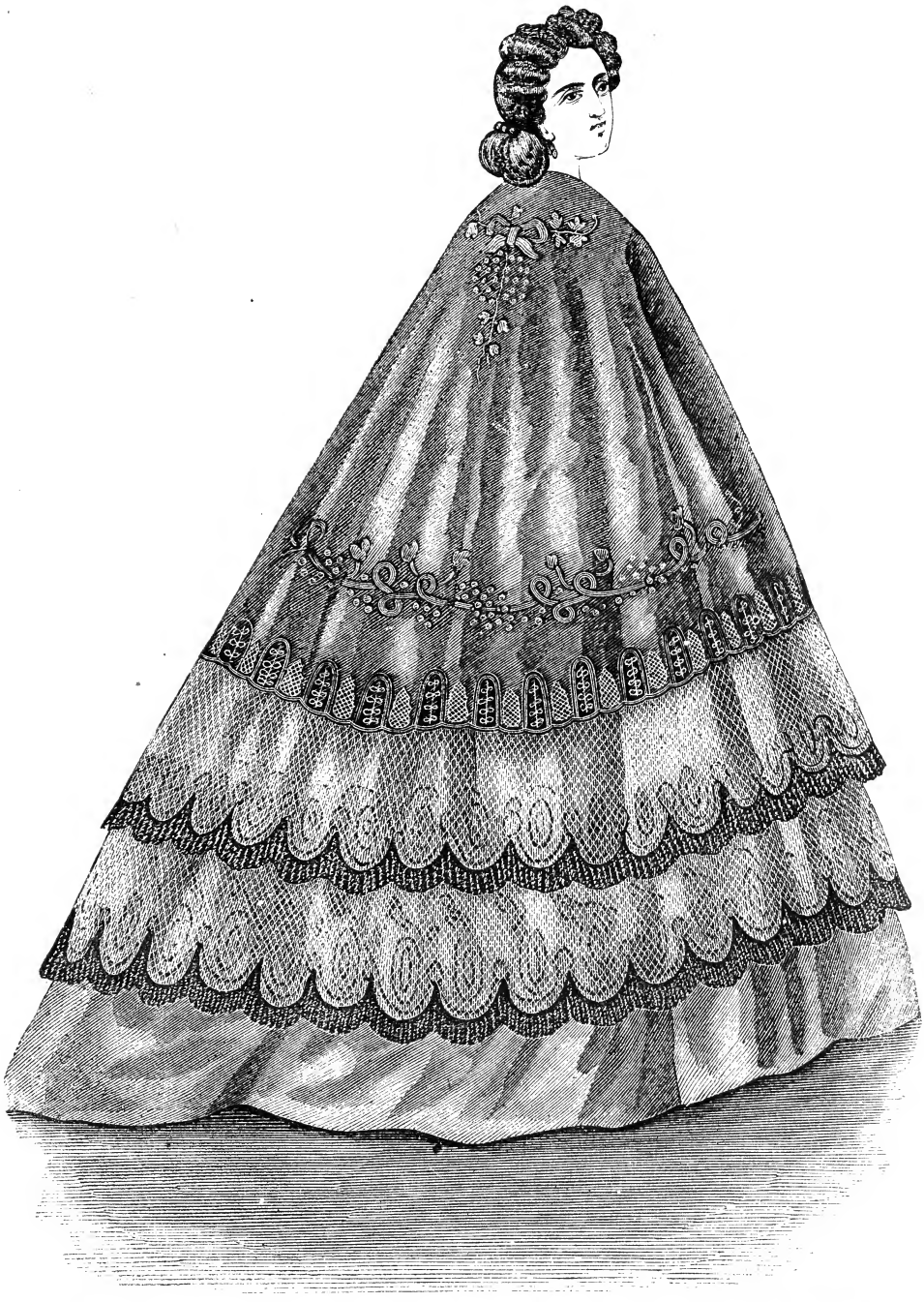
ROBE DRESS.

(*From the celebrated establishment of* Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co., *of New York.*)

Robe dress of stone-color delaine, with black bands, on which are printed gay flowers. These bands extend lengthwise on the skirt, and also form the trimming for waist, sleeves, and pockets. Plain round waist, finished by a belt, the trimming extending up the front and around the neck; cap of same to tight sleeve; deep linen cuffs, standing linen collar, and black velvet bow. Headdress of pink rose leaves and black velvet.

DINNER-DRESS.

Dinner-dress of amethyst color silk, the bottom of skirt trimmed with a plaited ruffle with scalloped edge finished by a narrow black thread lace. Above the ruffle is a black lace insertion, lined with white silk, and put on in waves; in each wave are leaves cut of a darker shade of silk, edged by a narrow lace; the leaves are fastened on by an ornamental silk button. Plain round waist, cut low in front; sleeve partly loose; the waist and sleeve trimmed to correspond with skirt, the leaves forming an epaulet on the shoulders. Sash made of the silk, trimmed with lace insertion, and edged by a narrow fluted ruffle, the sash simply knotted in the back. Full white cambric sleeves; chemisette to correspond. Hair crimped and rolled off the face, with Grecian curls at the side. Black lace headdress, arranged in coronet form, with flowing ends behind.



A rich black silk circle, embroidered and braided in black and white, and trimmed with two rows of guipure lace.

THE ALBUERAN.

[From the establishment of G. BRODIE, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. VOIGT, from actual articles of costume.]

This garment fits easily to the figure. It is made in black taffeta The ornament consists of braid-work, forming a double line of links, and with epaulets to match the design.

COIFFURE FOR A YOUNG LADY.

(*Front and Back view.*)

The front hair is divided in three parts, and arranged loosely over frisettes. The back hair is twisted and caught up in two soft careless loops. This is one of the newest spring styles.

Fig. 1.

HEADDRESSES.

Fig. 1.—Headdress of white plumes, the hair rolled up to one side of the head, the ends allowed to hang in curls, the curls fastened by a jewelled ornament. The back hair rolled up and fastened by an ornamented comb, which can be seen from the front.

Fig. 2.—Headdress of pink roses and leaves, arranged in a large bouquet in front; in the back so arranged as to appear to catch the delicate lace coiffure and keep it in its place. The back hair arranged in puffs; the upper part of the front rolled back, the under part curled and allowed to hang down.

Fig. 2.

CORSELET A BRETELLES.

Fig. 1.

CORSAGE EN MOUSSELINE.

Fig. 2.

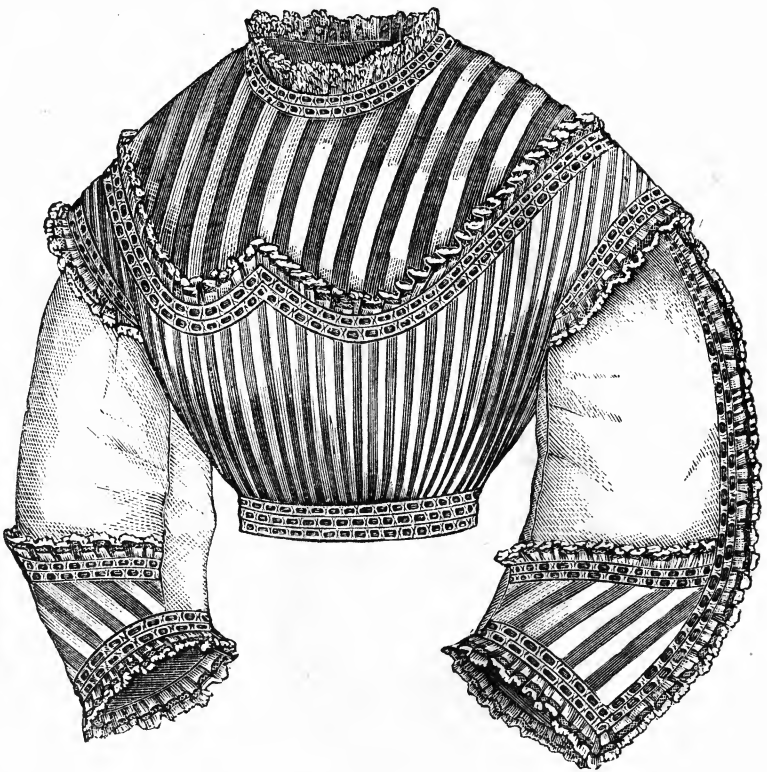
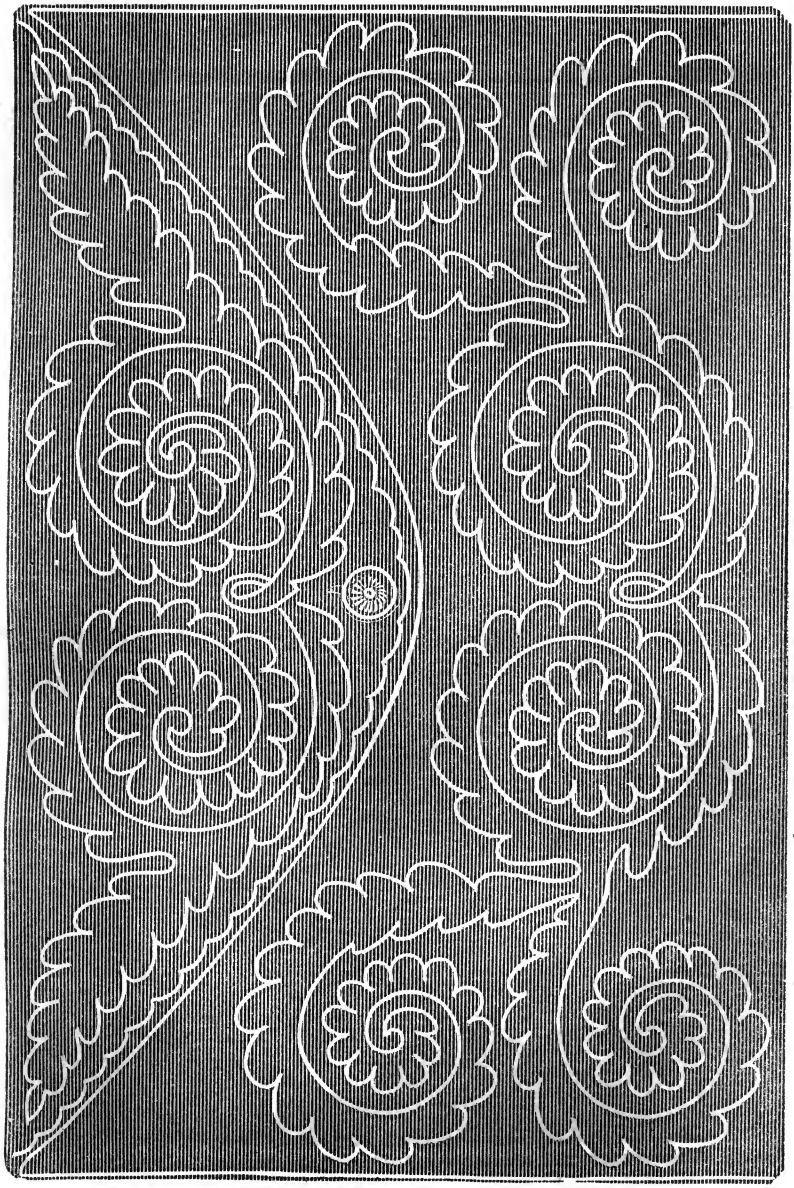


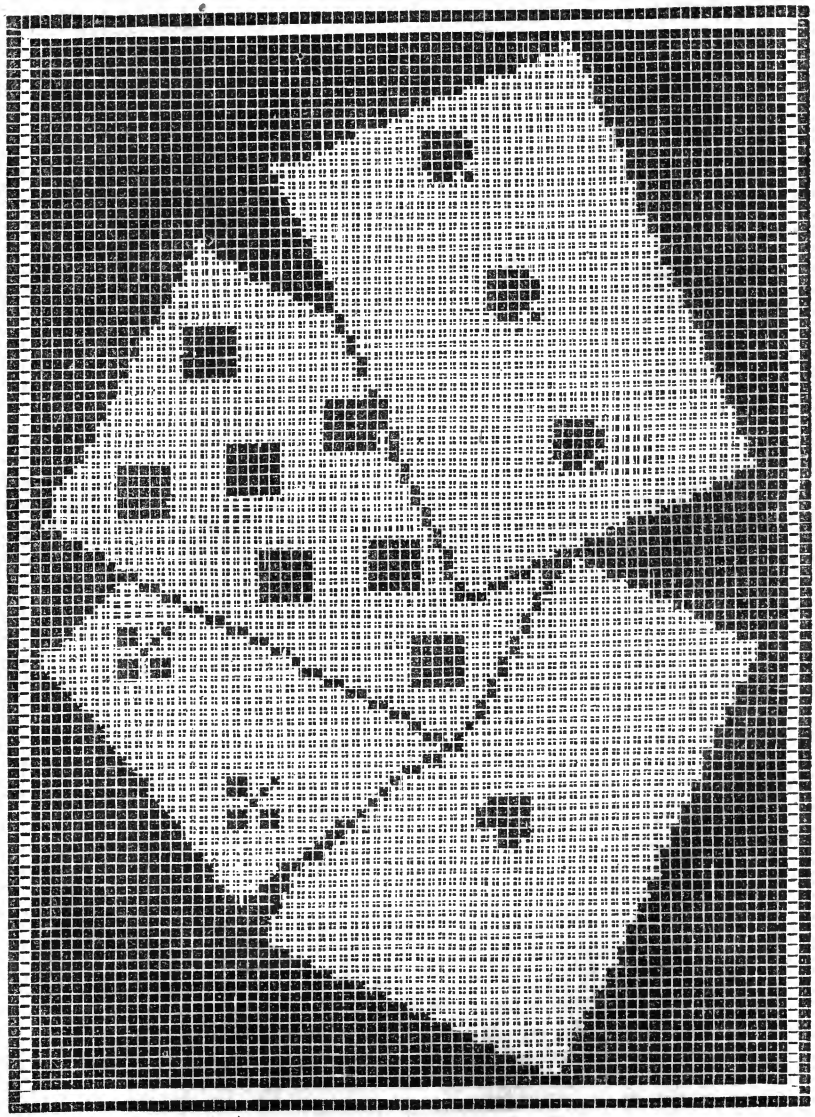
Fig. 1.—A bretelle corselet made of black velvet, trimmed with white braid and buttons. The waist is of fine French muslin, made with a yoke, and trimmed with a fancy black velvet.
Fig. 2.—A muslin body, made of two kinds of striped muslin, which gives it the appearance of a Swiss waist with under body. The trimming is Valenciennes inserting, through which is run a high colored velvet. The ruffles are of muslin, edged with Valenciennes lace and fluted.

NEEDLEWORK ENVELOPE.



The design for this simple but elegant adjunct to the writing-table, or the work-table, is drawn to the proper scale for working. The envelope itself is made of card-board, covered with silk, embroidered with silk braid. Blue and gold contrast well for an article of this kind; but the colors may be varied to taste. The card-board will not need to be particularly stiff; but in order that the gold may bend easily, it may be cut a third of the way through or bent well down. But a better plan is to make the bend of a strip of linen pasted on either side. This envelope will be found very useful for holding cottons, scissors, and other necessaries of the work-table.

DESIGN FOR A CARD-BOX.



A shallow cigar-box will answer as well as any more costly. Along the inside and outside of the cover paste a piece of calico (glue would be better than paste); then cover the box with quilted silk, and line it with the same. Or a pretty cover for the outside is to join blue ribbon and black velvet together, so as to form stripes. The cards are worked on canvas, either in white beads or white *filosel*, the spots on the cards of black and red purse silk. The cards should be outlined with brown. The ground must be either black beads, or of black Berlin wool, worked in tent-stitch. The outline of the whole should be overcast with black silk, and the canvas cut close to this; then the work glued on to the cover, and round the outside a row of rather large black beads should be sewed

GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1864.

"NOBODY TO BLAME."

BY MARION HARLAND.

(Continued from page 243.)

CHAPTER VII.

ONE of the minor indulgences which Mr. Boylan allowed himself, in consideration of his advancing age, was a later breakfast, and consequently, a later appearance at his place of business than he had esteemed proper and necessary in former years. The morning succeeding Miss Dupont's party, he was in no haste to be off. He was not, at heart, an unkind, although often outwardly a harsh parent, and when in a good humor, he liked to hear the girls talk over their frolics.

Tiny was in high feather all breakfast-time. Mr. Cleveland had come out of town early in the evening to escort her—she made no mention of Maggie—to the festive scene. He had danced twice with her, and introduced her to a succession of delightful partners. These items leaked out, of their own weight, through her descriptions of dresses, supper, people, etc., which etcetera comprised an elaborate account of Mrs. Dupont's flattering hospitality, and Marie's attention to herself, the eminently deserving Miss Boylan. Tiny was egregiously vain, as both her father and Maggie well knew; but the one was too much amused by her flippant gossip, and the other too abstracted to check her egotistical prating. She had, thus left to herself, gained such headway, that when Marian walked into the breakfast-room and informed the party at the table that she was there on purpose to hear news of the ball, Tiny remained spokeswoman. She flirted her head defiantly, as if prepared to retort with double force, upon whatever of innuendo and raillery Marian might feel herself called upon to enunciate, and held on her course!

"The Dashaways were there in great strength. They never miss an invitation. There is such a brood of them that some must leave the nest soon, or they will have to shed their fine feathers. Mr. Lorraine said they appeared in the character of a rainbow, mistaking it for a fancy dress ball. Sophie was in yellow, Emma in pale pink, Julia in blue, and little Pauline in white."

"Only two of the original prismatic colors in the party!" said Marian. "Why do you pity them? They outnumber us by one only."

"One in a family makes a great difference, when that one is a fourth daughter, to be settled in the world," rejoined Tiny. "Particularly, as it seems to be uphill work with them all to get husbands."

"Ah! that alters their case. Any woman in such a position has my commiseration. I see now that they have every reason to envy *our* family. But go on! You had a fair representation of foreigners—'Jews, Turks, and Infidels,' I suppose?"

"By no means! The company was as select as so large an assemblage could be. Mrs. Dupont mingles in the best American circles. Why should she not? She is not French, if her husband was."

"A sharp fellow!" said Mr. Boylan. "A keen business man, and bore a good character."

"Then there were the Vanderbiggs, and the Van Phlats, overdressed, blouzy, and stupid, in everybody's way, mute as fish, and loaded with jewelry. Mr. Lorraine whispered to me that an amicable arrangement had been entered into by Mrs. Dupont, and Ball, and Black, whereby they—Ball and Black—were allowed to furnish several walking advertisements of their wares, for her parlors, and that this was their great show evening. I nearly died with laughing at the notion."

"A witticism that has the merit of originality, certainly," said Mrs. Ainslie. "I do not recollect to have heard it above a hundred times. No wonder it came near being fatal to you!"

Tiny dashed on. "But the richest sight of all was the bride, Mrs. Uxor."

"Ha! I heard the old man had made a goose of himself for the third time," commented Mr. Boylan, helping himself to a hot muffin. "He is rich enough to afford it, however. If he has a fancy to take another dip in purgatory, nobody need hinder him. Who was she?"

"A poor schoolma'am, whom he picked up last summer, among the White Mountains, with nothing but health and flesh to recommend her. She stared about her, as if she were at a cattle fair. I told Mr. Cleveland that the tale of her birthplace must be a mistake. It was plain that she was raised in the *Green* Mountains, instead. He! he!"

"Whereupon *he* nearly killed himself laughing, of course!" said Marian. "Poor John! But I have not heard yet how this silent girl acquitted herself," she added, changing her manner as she turned to Maggie. "Did you have a merry and a successful evening, Puss?"

"A merry and a pleasant one. I say nothing of its success," returned Maggie, smiling.

"That we will take for granted. Who were your most irresistible and attentive partners?"

Maggie named some half-dozen gentlemen, as having been very polite and agreeable.

"You do not mention our friend, Mr. Cleveland," said Mrs. Ainslie, secretly pleased at an omission which might proceed from maiden bashfulness. "Did Tiny monopolize him to the exclusion of every other lady?"

"There was no monopoly in the matter!" put in Tiny. "The attentions he rendered me were voluntary. Thank gracious! I am not dependent upon the pleasure of any one man when I go into company. Mr. Cleveland waited upon Maggie quite as much as was consistent with his duties to others."

"I was not aware that he owed duty to any one besides her. If you are right, however, this may explain some things that have perplexed me heretofore, I refer to his polite notice of those persons to whom inclination certainly could not be supposed to direct him. He is an unselfish fellow."

"A fine young man!" said Mr. Boylan, not at all discomposed by the spirited passages between his daughters. "If you can catch him, Tiny, you will do well. I give my consent in advance."

Tiny tried to blush and *not* to look too pleased. Marian laughed—a low laugh of sarcastic incredulity, that required no words to second its meaning.

"You were speaking of Mr. Lorraine a while ago," she said. "Was he fascinating as usual, last night? as gay a butterfly as his chains would allow him to be?"

"He conducted himself admirably?" Tiny became his advocate, the instant Marian's tone seemed to decry him. "His relation to Marie authorized him to act as one of the family, and he played the part of host well. I can't see why you are eternally sneering at him. He is an elegant man, a thorough gentleman. I would set my cap at him, if he were not already pledged elsewhere."

"Hey?" exclaimed Mr. Boylan, suspending the operation of breaking a second egg. "That is the chap who waltzed so long with Miss Dupont at your party, isn't it?"

Tiny replied in the affirmative, somewhat startled by her father's manner.

"He is certainly engaged to be married to her, is he?"

"I believe there is no doubt of it, sir."

"She is a fool!" he rejoined, cracking the shell with his spoon, and speaking with deliberate energy. "A great fool to think of marrying that scoundrel. She will end her days in the poor-house, and he his upon the gallows, or at Sing-Sing."

"Why, pa!" ejaculated the amazed Tiny, while Maggie shaded her eyes with her hand,

and waited, with pale, averted face, for what terrible disclosure she could not guess. "You must be mistaken in the person."

"I mean what I say! His name is Lorraine, and he is a book-keeper with Lawrence & Co., a tall fellow, with black hair and whiskers, wears a short moustache, dresses like a prince, or a dandy gambler, which he is. He is a great rascal. If I had not understood certainly that he was engaged to the French girl, I should have warned him off these premises weeks ago. He is a wild, dissipated, trifling adventurer, whose character is not worth that"—snapping his fingers—"among substantial, clear-sighted men. I would horsewhip him if he ever presumed to pay his addresses to one of my daughters. So, Miss Tiny, let us hear no more jesting about setting your cap at him. I won't have his name coupled with that of either of you girls, even in fun."

The blood was slowly freezing around Maggie's heart. But for her intense desire to hear all, the worst that remained to be said, her senses would have deserted her.

"This is very strange!" said Mrs. Ainslie, deeply interested. "I cannot see how he managed to gain a foothold in good society."

"Through his brother, I hear," answered Mr. Boylan. "He is in business with Ward and Parrish, and possesses a handsome private fortune. He is a steady, enterprising man—older than this fellow, and is now travelling in Europe."

"Can it be possible that Marie is ignorant of her lover's true character?" marvelled Marian. "I never liked him from the first, and I know that she is indiscreet, but I had no idea that matters were so bad as you say. She has a sad life before her if all this, or the half of it be true."

"It is true, I tell you! I have had it from the best authorities, and much more of the same nature that will not bear repeating. As for this girl, she must bear it as well as she can. It is all her own doing, and nobody else is to blame."

"I beg your pardon, sir! Her mother and friends *are* much to blame for suffering the engagement to be formed. Some one ought to warn her. She is no favorite of mine, yet I feel disposed to speak to her myself. It would be an act of common humanity!"

"You will do no such thing!" retorted Mr. Boylan, positively. "I don't choose that you shall mix yourself up in the affair, nor that you shall bring me into trouble. Let other people manage their own matters! you are not the regulator of public morals."

Marian was obstinate. "Then, sir, you will do all that does belong to your province—protect your daughters from the dangers of association with this person? They may repent it some day. It cannot be right in us to countenance persons of bad reputation."

Mr. Boylan laughed at the absurd suggestion.

"And go through the world demanding certificates of character from every man, woman and child whom you meet? We must take life as we find it, only looking out for number one, and let our neighbors do the same. If a young man visits here, I institute private inquiries as to his standing in business and in the social circle. If all is right, I let him alone. If he cannot stand the test, I manage to convey to him the knowledge that he is not welcome, unless I see that there is no risk in his occasional calls, as in this instance."

"It appears to me, nevertheless, papa, that every young, pure girl should shun the companionship of a wicked man, although he may be engaged, or even married to another," said Marian, steadily. "There is such a thing as unconscious contamination."

"Oh! if you are off upon the 'highfalutin' string, I have no more to say; I do not comprehend your overstrained theories," replied Mr. Boylan, rising. "I am a plain, practical man, who only knows enough to take care of himself and his household, without trying to turn the world upside down."

Maggie slipped out of the room during this speech, and sped up stairs. She could not seclude herself in her chamber, for Marian would soon seek her there, and to meet her sisterly eye, while she was in her present state, would inevitably betray everything. Up one, two, three flights of steps, she ran, fear lending strength to her feet, to a small room at the very top of the house, seldom visited by any member of the family, and where no one would dream of looking for her. She bolted the door, and then, as if still dreading detection, couched down behind a pile of boxes, shaking and panting like a hunted hare. She had cause for alarm. This was the day—this the forenoon, in which Lorraine was to call upon her father and

communicate the tidings of their mutual attachment. She had heard, for herself, what answer he would receive. That it would be more favorable than her father had declared it should be in his imaginary case, she could not believe. How could she endure the agony of shame—the just recompense of her deceit and imprudence, that hung over her? She was ruined for life! disgraced in the eyes of her family; the object of her father's wrath, her mother's grief, Marian's indignation, Tiny's sneers, John's silent contempt! Oh! if she could run away until the storm had passed; if she could hide, far, far from the gaze of any who had ever seen or known her; if she could die and be forgotten!

She did not weep, her terror was too great. She grovelled on the floor, and wrung her hands, with inarticulate moans pressed out of her quaking heart by the load of anguished apprehension. At last, a word escaped her writhing lips—"Marie!" repeated ever and again, like an invocation to a superior being. "If she were here, she would do something for me—would prevent this in some way."

Piercing this blind trust in her friend, there darted a sudden thought. The telegraph! A message sent now might reach Lorraine before he had time to see her father. The idea brought her to her feet on the instant. Then arose a question. How should the dispatch be sent? What messenger could she trust? Clearly, no one except herself! She must contrive to elude Tiny's cat-like espionage, and Marian's affectionate watch, in leaving the house, and run the risk of encountering some inquisitive acquaintance in the telegraph office. For perhaps three minutes she stood irresolute, then the image of her father's angry face arose before her, and she hesitated no longer. Her room was vacant, but she heard her mother's plaintive tones recapitulating some tale of woe to Marian in a neighboring apartment, and as she tied on her bonnet, she distinguished the click of Tiny's heels in the passage and on the private stairs leading to the kitchen. The coast was clear for a little while, then! She glided down the steps, passed the door and gate unchallenged, and gained the street leading into the town.

There happened to be no one in the office but the operator, who was a stranger to her, and gathering courage from her success thus far, Maggie sat down at a table and tried to compose her thoughts sufficiently to indite a message. It was no easy task to convey the warning she desired to send, in few, yet satisfactory words, without the introduction of proper names. She pencilled several notes, which were torn as soon as written, being either too obscure or too explicit to be forwarded with safety. The operator sat, meanwhile, at his post, apparently unobservant of her, the incessant ticking of the mysterious machine aggravating her nervous disquiet. A man entered presently with a dispatch, and said that he would wait for the reply. Here was fresh trouble! What if there were other telegrams that were to precede hers, and thus delay it until the fatal interview had commenced. Prompted by desperation, she wrote hurriedly—"Do not speak to my father until you have seen me. We are in danger. M. J. B."

If the operator were curious, or unfaithful to his obligation of secrecy, he might surmise and expose everything from the single line she placed in his hand, but there was no alternative. Every downward step in deceit is necessarily an advance into danger. Poor, misguided Maggie was feeling, if she did not acknowledge this fixed law. She glanced at the clock as the man quietly laid aside the slip of paper to abide its time. Her father must be nearing the city at this hour.

"O, sir!" she entreated, "cannot you send it at once? It is very important."

"There are two ahead of it," was the cool rejoinder. First come, first served!"

The ticking went on, but, as it seemed to Maggie's agonized ears, more slowly than before.

"I am willing to pay any sum to have that message forwarded immediately," she said, her voice shaking with the extremity of her solicitude.

It was a sweet, pleading accent, and the face turned towards the inflexible official was too girlish and pretty to be blanched by sorrow or anxiety. So thought the third person present, a ruddy-cheeked farmer, who lowered his newspaper, as the petition reached him.

"Let the lady's message go before mine;" he said kindly. "I can wait."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" exclaimed the grateful girl. "You are very good."

"You are welcome," he rejoined, and in his large, soft heart, he conjectured whether the dear child's father or mother were ill, or was it an absent brother she was longing to hear from?

Five minutes more by the grim dial-plate suspended against the wall, and the momentous message passed over the wires. Drawing a long breath, when she was assured that she had done all that she could, Maggie bowed silently to her stranger-friend and departed.

CHAPTER VIII.

TINY was not half through her morning tour of overseeing and fault-finding, the next day, when the Dupont carriage drove up to the door and Marie alighted. Her inquiry of the servant who answered her ring was not, as usual, for "the young ladies," but very pointedly for "Miss Maggie." Yet it was Tiny who appeared in the parlor to welcome her.

"You will excuse my dishabille, I hope?" said Miss Boylan, glancing at her tidy wrapper.

"No apologies, I beg, my dear girl; I ought to ask your pardon for calling at such an unconscionably early hour, but, you know, Maggie and I cannot exist apart for two days, and I have a confidential matter I want to talk over with her this morning—something about my own personal affairs, and I had not patience to wait longer. (That hint may keep her meddling ladyship out of the room while I am with Maggie)," she added, inly.

"Certainly, I understand!" assented Tiny. "You may not have heard that the dear child has been sick ever since the night of your delightful party."

"I have not. What is the matter?"

"A feverish cold, with headache. She is not robust, blooming as she looks. I always distrust that peculiar varying flush in the cheek. It has a hectic appearance to me. I am pale; I never had color, even when a child, yet I am rarely sick."

"She can see me—can she not?" queried Marie.

"I will run up and see how she is, just now. Perhaps I can smuggle you in, although the doctor talks about nervous irritability, and enjoins quiet."

Maggie was alone, heavy-eyed and dejected. She turned crimson, then very white, as she heard who was below.

"Well," said Tiny, impatiently, "will you see her, or not?"

"Let her come up," answered Maggie, faintly.

"Then you take the responsibility, you understand, and if the doctor has anything to say about over-excitement, Marian will charge it all to me, and I am tired of bearing false accusations. I wash my hands of the whole transaction. And I *do* sincerely hope and trust, Maggie, that you will have the sense to hold your tongue about what pa said yesterday at breakfast. If it is true, you can do no good by telling it to Marie. *She* is to marry the man, not you, and she is supposed to know her own business best. Mr. Lorraine is an agreeable gentleman, and Marie a most desirable acquaintance—just the stylish girl one likes to visit. As pa says, it will not do for us to be more nice than wise, if we expect to make our way in life. You will be prudent—won't you?"

"Yes," murmured Maggie, turning her burning face to the pillow.

Tiny was bustling around the room, setting chairs straight, jerking at curtains, pulling and smoothing the bedclothes. "You must see for yourself how ridiculous it would be to tell Marie what kind of a man she will have for a husband. Even if he is dissipated, he may get over it. I have heard that these gay young fellows often make the best married men when they have sowed their wild oats. At any rate, it will be time enough to cut them when we see that they are going down in the world. For my part, I am apt to be charitable towards the failings of those I like."

She reappeared, by and by, conducting Marie, and saying, playfully—"Remember, now; no exciting conversation!" left the friends together.

She had no sooner gone than Maggie threw herself upon her confidante's bosom, and wept long and uncontrollably. Marie petted and pitied, and coaxed her back to a calmer mood.

"Now," she said seriously and affectionately, when she had laid the tired girl upon her pillow, bathed her face with *eau de cologne* and brushed her hair, "tell me exactly what has happened to put you into such a state, and why you sent that dispatch to Albert."

"He did get it, then, and in time!" exclaimed Maggie, clasping her hands.

"Yes, yes; but what possessed you to write it? He was half crazy about it last night. He was sure, he said, that something was wrong."

"I am so glad—so relieved, to know that it reached him!" Maggie went on as if she had not heard the last clause of this remark. "I went to bed with a sick headache as soon as I got back from the office, and here I lay all day, dreading for pa to come home. If Marian had not been with me, I should have fainted away when I heard him in the hall. I expected every minute that he would burst in upon me and order me out of the house. Then, he was talking with ma in their room, and I was certain that it was about me, for I knew from her voice that she was crying, and I thought she was persuading him to let me stay until I got well. It is a great comfort to hear that they don't know. It makes everything else so much easier for me. You have done me good already, Marie."

"'They don't know' *what?* 'Everything else so much easier!' You are talking in riddles! Do quiet yourself, and tell me what all this mystery is!" insisted Marie, in a fever of curiosity.

If Maggie had lent any heed to Tiny's admonitions of silence, she totally forgot or disregarded them now. She gave Marie a full account of her father's unflattering portrait of Miss Dupont's supposed betrothed; the predictions of ruin in store for him and for her, if she married him, dwelling longest upon the asseveration that he would horsewhip Lorraine if he ever presumed to lift his eyes to one of *his* daughters.

Marie listened attentively to the recital, and at its conclusion, sat still for some time, absorbed in reflection.

"I am sorry that this has happened for your sake, my darling," she said. "I had thought your father a man of more correct judgment than he has showed in condemning our dear Albert, upon mere hearsay, most probably upon the evidence of some jealous or prejudiced person. Albert has his enemies. What man of mark in society has not? To you, the noble fellow needs no vindication from these vile reports. His defence is written deep in your true, womanly heart, and this undeserved, this cruel persecution of so much excellence has but made him dearer to you, bound you to him by indissoluble ties. It is the common lot of those who love most fondly, dear Maggie, to have their mutual devotion baptized by tears, sealed, sanctified, made immortal by sorrow. I wish that it had been otherwise with you, for I would spare you every pang, yet the strength and purity of your love will sustain you through this tribulation. You will, in the end, be stronger, happier, and a more dearly loved wife because of this bitter trial."

"Wife!" echoed Maggie, bewildered by this breathless flow of sentimentalisms. "Did not I tell you that it was all off? that pa would never give his consent? I could not marry without it, you know."

Some confidantes would have been vexed at this ready submission to parental authority, and the evident failure of their exhortations to constancy towards the maligned one; many would have felt astonished at the preponderance of fear over affection, in one who had confessed to such fervor of attachment. Marie was neither angered nor amazed. It is questionable whether she had relished any previous stage of this affair as heartily as she did this. On the topics of fathers' tyranny and the fidelity of ill-used lovers, she was perfectly at home, and she backed up her arguments by examples, *à propos*, and inumerable—from the standard authorities upon these points, to wit, French and Frenchy-English novels. Maggie saw to what she was being drawn, but lay in a kind of dogged paralysis, unable to struggle for liberty of will. Marie was a specious talker and an artful flatterer, and her soul was in her cause. Before her coming, Maggie was sad, but tranquil, and as she believed herself, free—Marie left her excited, miserable, and bound by a solemn promise to hold fast her troth, in defiance of parents, friends, evil reports, the world!

Miss Dupont came regularly every morning for a week, with presents of fruits and flowers, ostensibly from her mother's conservatory and hot-houses, and concealed beneath, or within each dainty offering, lay a tiny note, the serpent that lured the deluded girl still further from the path of right and honor. None of these appliances were superfluous. Each one was needed to keep Maggie true to her pledged word and false to filial duty. Never before had home been so delightful. Marian was her tender nurse during every afternoon and evening, and Will's pleasant face showed itself in her chamber each night, enlivening the patient with merry sayings and fresh anecdotes. Her father looked in upon her twice daily, to kiss her, inquire how she was, and if she wanted anything. Even her mother's inefficient anxiety touched Maggie,

for she knew it to be sincere, and that she was her favorite child.

There were other floral visitors besides those introduced by Marie, tasteful and emblematic groups, presented by Will, without a syllable of banter, and received by Maggie, with a strange, choking heart-ache. These were usually set out of sight before the time for Marie's visit arrived—why, Maggie scarcely asked herself. On the sixth day of her sickness, she inadvertently omitted this precaution. A bouquet, consisting of a white camellia, surrounded by heliotropes, stevias, and heather-sprigs, stood upon a stand beside the convalescent's chair, and attracted Marie's attention directly.

"Ah! here is something new!" she said, taking it up. "How pretty and fragrant! Who sent it, Mignonne?"

Maggie's cheeks were scarlet. "Mr. Cleveland."

"Constant as ever! Poor fellow!" smiled Marie, putting down the vase. "You are a clever little conspirator, my pet."

"A conspirator! I!"

"Yes, you! Do you mean to tell me that your acute brain—which is only stupid when it imagines itself to be silly—has not perceived what an invaluable assistant this faithful 'John' may be to us in maturing and concealing our plans?"

"I have never thought of him in that light. I have no plans, as you know, Marie. I am only waiting, by your advice, to see what time may do towards righting this sad, sad affair of mine," said Maggie, dejectedly.

But Marie shook her head, and looked her applause at the diplomacy that hid its end even from its co-workers.

"I don't see what use I can ever make of John's liking for me," persisted Maggie. "I only regret that it exists. It can bring nothing but pain to us both."

"He will never break his heart for any woman alive," returned Marie, carelessly. "He is too matter of fact in head, and too lively in disposition—too much of a lady's man. There is no passion about him, nothing grand and deep, as there is in Albert's character. I cannot fancy Mr. Cleveland's wife ever being awed by him."

"She would respect him!" said Maggie, in a low tone.

"Perhaps! *I* never could. I have no respect for the man who could love a woman for four years, and never take the trouble to let her know what his feelings were. It argues a want of heart or a looseness of principle," replied Marie, growing severely virtuous.

"But he has—" Maggie commenced, in eager vindication—then stopped and hid her face.

"*Voila, qui devient interessant!*" cried Marie, in her high, gay voice. "No half-way confidence with me, my beauty! I am dying to hear it all!"

That simple "all," Maggie was constrained to confess, feeling the while, very much as if she were guilty of sacrilege.

"Better and better!" said Marie, when assured that she had no more to hear. "He is in no haste for the answer to this impassioned proposal. Let him wait! Gentlemen of his temperament can be kept in suspense, *ad infinitum*, without injury to their appetites or digestions. You have only to quiet any feeble symptoms of impatience he may think proper to affect by the sugar-plum of a soft word or a bewitching glance, and there will be no difficulty in deferring your reply until the right moment of revelation arrives. Leave the management of all that to me! A better means of blinding your father and the Ainslies could not have been devised. Fortune smiles upon us, *Petite!*"

Mrs. Ainslie came over, as was her custom, about three o'clock that afternoon, and was electrified by Tiny's announcement—made with malicious glee—that her patient had flown. She had been carried off by Miss Dupont at noon.

"Whose plan was that?" inquired Marian, indignantly.

"Marie's invitation was warmly urged by all of Maggie's friends," Tiny said, dignifiedly. "I telegraphed for pa's sanction, telling him that the doctor prescribed a change of place. We did not think your consent necessary before concluding upon the arrangement. Maggie left a note for you."

Marian did not open it until she reached home. It was short, and penned unevenly—in weakness, haste, or agitation—probably all three.

"DEAREST MARIAN: Do not be vexed at my leaving you so suddenly. Marie is very urgent that I shall pass some days with her, and the doctor says that I need change of air and scene. Papa and mamma have given their consent, so you see I cannot help going. My

only trouble is—" she had drawn a pen through these words and substituted—"The principal objection I have to accepting Marie's offer, is the fear lest you should disapprove of it. Dear sister, do not be angry with me! You know how dearly I love you, more than ever of late, for your goodness to me during my sickness. I am so unworthy of it all, but I do feel grateful! Kiss brother Will for me. Thank Mr. Cleveland for his kindness. I shall always remember it. I write with Marie and Tiny talking around me, as they pack my clothes, and my head is in a whirl. Again, forgive me, if I wound you by this abrupt departure. Marie is *so* determined that I cannot deny her anything. Lovingly,

MAGGIE."

Marian shed tears of wounded feeling and pride over this epistle, as she showed it to her husband at night.

"That French girl's influence over Maggie is unaccountable. I, for one, will never try again to counteract it. I had hoped that Maggie appreciated my love and desire for her real good, but I see that it was all thrown away. It was unkind and ungrateful to you, as well as to myself. I will not go near her, or write a line to her, while she is with the Duponts."

"Gently! gently!" interposed Will.

"I say I will not! She does not need me. She withdrew herself from my charge, and she may have her way. I believe, in my heart, if that Marie was to tell her to jump into the river to-morrow, she would say, 'You see that I must do it. Marie is *so* determined that I cannot deny her anything!"

(To be continued.)

FAITH.

WHAT a word of great and enduring import, beginning as it did with the earliest annals of antiquity, and living as it will till time immemorial, "when all shall cease and this world's system's o'er!" What a marvellous depth of feeling and expression in the small one-syllabled word, importing to us, that by treasuring it wholly, regulating our life's duties by its rules, and indemnifying ourselves with it, we are safe in the path to possess our souls, not temporally alone, but eternally! Through its power and magnetic influence qualities of worth and virtue are engendered in the mind, so plastic in mould, and ever ready to receive new impressions.

It is the good man's watchword or standard, by which he regulates his actions, and from whence his motives proceed. Its influence over moral man is unbounded, helping to raise him above his tangible self into the spiritual belief of another life, and urging him to regulate his present existence by the dictates of conscience.

So many err by repelling its earnest warnings, and not abiding by its truthful counsel.

When allowed to act for good upon the soul it is the connecting link between earth and heaven, and offers to its fortunate possessors a foretaste of the eternal happiness they shall enjoy hereafter; but when sin enters the heart, and stifles its cries, the evil promptings of the unfortunate overbalance virtue, and he becomes a prey to torturing emotions that disturb forever his peace of mind.

Our faith should not be given to God as to erring and human mortals, in part, or doubtfully, requiring proof to assure us of our safety; but as the ship's crew place themselves blindly, without question or demur, to the helmsman's guidance, without knowing whether he will bring them to their desired haven in safety, thus, unhesitatingly, should we faithfully resign ourselves into our Father's merciful, all-providing, and right-directing hands.

Faith should be the basis of our hopes here and hereafter. 'Tis the rock whereon we should adventure our whole, cling to it through life, and pray for death to overtake us through its benign influence.

Yet what erring mortals we are! Let but one great sorrow arise in the midst of our joy or prosperity, when we, with a selfishness inherent, forgetting to be thankful for benefits received, murmur, and often think our fate worse than that of others.

Every one, for his or her own good, must be subject to trouble on earth, or else we might be prone to forget our mortality. Thus, as the Eastern king in former times kept a servant to remind him every morning of his liability to die, so our Father caused us, through the medium of our feelings when tempest tossed, and our hearts are overcharged with grief, to remember we are but dust.

When we lose any one dear to us, let us not think we have received unmerited punishment, but when the outpourings of the heart have been assuaged, reason thus with ourselves:—

"Thy God hath said 'tis good for thee
To walk by faith, and not by sight;
Take it on trust a little while,
Soon shalt thou read the mystery right
In the bright sunshine of His smile."

Strong unwavering faith is an attribute very rarely existent. Man fears, trembles—nay, doubts; then comes the struggle between the better and worse self; for surely, as fast as doubts gain ascendency in the human mind faith dies out, and leaves a void, a longing, a vacancy, that makes us yearn for its re-possession.

Yet when we look around us we cannot repine, seeing as we do the many instances of clear, unshaken faith. Men who have preserved theirs inviolate, through tortures that, only viewing from the distance, and looked at with the retrospective glance taken into past ages, cause a shudder to run through our veins, and the exclamation involuntarily rises to our tongue, "Could they have endured all *this?*" Aye, and more. Those good, pious men were martyrs to their Father's cause; and my imagination sees them reaping their reward, clothed in angelic purity, looking down from above, to bid men, if required, go and do likewise. Faith is enduring; it gives life to the soul, and warms the heart, blessing its fortunate possessor with gems of untold value. How touching is it to witness two loving beings devotedly attached, yet, when young, separated from each other by the tide of fate, cheerfully working, waiting hopefully, patiently at miles' distance, to one day see their desires completed, never despairing, always believing in their re-union; but gradually getting old, the bloom of youth dying out, the freshest hours of their life waning, yet waiting, living in the fond hope of meeting once again! Many more such instances could we give you from our own youthful experience of those who have stood upon the steps of faith and borne unflinchingly the heavy burden it has pleased God to fix upon their shoulders, biding their time cheerfully, oftentimes with smiles; such we call true courage,

"That can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His outsides, to wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger."

Bunyan has admirably depicted the life of a faithful one in his sweet, touching allegory of the "Pilgrim's Progress," making Christian travel through many roughly-hewn paths, but who eventually arrives at his journey's end true to his mission.

"Faith," says St. Paul, "is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." In plain words, 'tis a blindfold belief taken on trust, and the only sure comforter human beings can possess.

I KNOW A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

BY MRS. FRANCES DE GAGE.

I know a beautiful woman;
But she 's *not* of "sweet sixteen,"
Full sixty winters have come and gone,
The "Now" and the "Then" between.
Yet every year hath added
A something so fair and true,
That to me she 's the sweetest woman
I think that I ever knew.

Her eye may be dimmer growing,
It hath lost the glance of youth,
But up from the inner fountains
It is flashing love and truth;
Her cheeks have not all the freshness
Of the rosebud's glowing red,
The purity of the lily,
Full-blown, has come in its stead.

And her voice is low and soothing
As the hum of summer bees,
Or twilight rustling 'mong the corn,
Or the song of autumn trees;
She moves with a grace so gentle
Among her garden bowers,
A brighter radiance than their own
Seems falling on her flowers.

All over her face of beauty
There are lines of days gone by—
Of holy loves and earnest hopes
That have wrought there patiently;
They are lovelier far than dimples,
For I know that each was given
To mark the years of dutiful life
That have fitted her for heaven.

I never think of that woman
But my heart throbs high with love,
And I ask, "Can she be more beauteous
In the blissful realms above?"
I can scarcely in my dreaming
See her face more fair and bright,
She seems to me now, with her radiant brow,
A spirit of love and light.

The poet may sing his praises
Of the glow of "sweet sixteen:"
But there 's a holier beauty
Of sixty-five, I ween;
For the girlish face that 's moulded
By a true and loving heart,
Will brighten as the heart throbs on,
Rechiselling every part.

KEEPING COMPANY.

BY MARY FORMAN.

(See Steel Plate.)

"NED! Ned!" The call rang out from the house door, floating over the garden, till it came faint and weary to the barn door, utterly unable to penetrate the barred portal.

"Ned! Ned!" nearer and nearer came the cheery voice, and a pair of light feet carried it down the path, to ring out again clear and strong, as a little doubled fist pounded an accompaniment on the wooden barrier.

A frank face and head covered with crisp curls, now decorated by long straws stuck in with a promiscuous carelessness suggestive of Lear's crown, was popped out of the window of the hay-loft.

"What is it, Katie? I 'm giving the beasts their breakfast."

"Come down! You must come down! I've got the best news for you."

"What is it? Wait! I 'll be down! Why, Katie, what are you all dressed up for?"

"You 'll never guess. Susy Willis has come home. She sent me over word this morning to be ready for church early, so we could have a long walk before we went into meeting. She 's coming over for me."

"Susy home!" That was all Ned said, but there was no doubting the accent of content in his voice.

"Her father has written that he is coming back to Allentown next month, and Susy's mother sent for her to leave school and be here to meet him. O, Ned, aint you glad? She 's been away more 'n two years."

Glad! If there was any faith to be placed in beaming eyes, smiling lips, and trembling fingers, Ned was, to say the least, not sorry; but he said nothing, only hurried the preparations for leaving the barn, his face the while speaking his pleasure, while Katie, her tongue doing the work of two, ran on with her gleeful chatter.

"I wonder if she 's altered, prettier or smarter. I wonder if she 'll let you beau her now, Ned. Perhaps she 'll want to keep company with some smarter fellow, now she's had so much schooling. Hurry, Ned, so you can go with us!" and flying up the path again, Katie entered the neat farm-house, and went to her room to add some trifle to her dress. Looking wistfully up the path for her expected companion she tried to be patient, but the fingers would fidget, the feet beat tattoos, the eyes flash with eagerness, while her father's comments, as he leaned over the gate smoking his Sunday pipe, did not diminish the fever.

"Ay, Katie, don't drum a hole in the window! Are you dancing a jig, Katie? Come down here and talk to Jack!" and the magpie's hoarse voice, calling "Katie," echoed the invitation. Suddenly both comment and restlessness ceased, while the two faces, beaming with loving mischief, watched the path. Coming from the barn, round to the front of the house, yet in his blouse and round hat, was Ned, the idol of both the warm hearts watching him. His pretty bunch of flowers told one cause of his delay, and his lingering step was explained by the second figure now advancing from the path Katie had watched so eagerly.

Slowly the two came toward the house—Ned trying to summon up courage to address the pretty, neatly dressed maiden, who had grown from a little girl to a young lady in her two years' absence; while she, her loyal heart fluttering at the sight of her old sweetheart, tried to look unconscious of his presence.

Nearer and nearer to the farm door, the distance between them narrowing every moment, they sauntered on, till at last they stood opposite the old farmer, neither daring to speak the first word. The pretty posy was in danger of being eaten up, as Ned bit nervously at the stems of the pinks and roses, while Susy's pocket-handkerchief was rapidly becoming transformed into a rabbit in her gloved fingers.

How long they would have remained thus can only be guessed; but a clear ringing laugh from Katie, seconded by her father's hearty bass, broke the spell, and Ned said—

"I 'm glad you 're home again, Susy!" and managed to present his posy and hold open the gate, before her blushes had faded away.

It did not need much urging to turn the long walk into a talk in Katie's room, while the farmer and Ned assumed their "go-to-meeting" garb, and by some sleight of hand Katie found herself transferred to her father while Master Ned escorted the fair Susy to church, and not a week passed before all Allentown knew that Ned Clarke and Susy Willis were still "keeping company."

Ned and Katie Clarke were the only children of old Farmer Joshua Clarke, whose wife had long before died, and left him to be both father and mother to her handsome boy and girl. They were still little ones when they became motherless, but Aunt Kate, Katie's godmother, had filled her sister's place at the farm-house until Katie was sixteen, when, thinking her niece trained for a perfect housekeeper, dear Aunt Kate consented to go brighten another home, whose master had waited for her since her sister's death. So the three in the old homestead were left to link their love still closer in the absence of the wonted housekeeper, and Katie's pride was to let no comfort be missed, no deficiency tell of their loss.

In easy circumstances, devotedly fond of his children, finding love all around him, Farmer Clarke was the most cheery, bright old farmer in Allentown. Universally respected and beloved, his old age brightened by his children's happiness, he was ready to enter heartily into any youthful scheme, to give his full sympathy to all the young boys and girls who came to him for advice, and above all to watch with almost boyish glee all the village courting. Katie, being a universal belle, had as yet selected no special favorite to torment, so the old man had full leisure to watch Ned, visiting his room for sly remarks, dropping words that brought up the frank blush so becoming to a manly face, or even, at times, letting his sympathy bring the roses to Susy's cheek.

Never did the course of true love promise to run smoother. Susy's father was a travelling peddler, whose journeys often led him hundreds of miles from Allentown, now east, now west, north, or south, as his fancy or pack suggested. His earnings were good, and Mrs. Willis rented a pretty cottage and lived in comfortable style, while Susy could boast of two years' "schooling" at the academy of B——, miles away from her native village. It is true that Jim Willis the peddler was counted a hard man, one keen at a bargain, and close-fisted in business; but no one doubted his love for his wife and Susy, their only child. There had been always kindly feeling between the family and the Clarkes from the time when Ned drew Susy and Katie to school on one sled, or tossed apples from the boy's bench to the golden-haired lassie on the girl's side. Mrs. Willis knew Ned's worth: his sturdy uprightness, his frank generous heart, his bright intelligence and faithful love, and she wished no more brilliant future for her darling than the life of Ned Clarke's wife promised to be. So the long summer walks, the confidential talks, the thousand devices to win favor that the youthful swain proffered his love, were all smiled upon by the inhabitants of farm and cottage, while Susy's gentle, loyal heart never dreamed of coquetry, but let Master Ned read in every look and blush the tale of his success in wooing.

The summer months sped merrily, and it was well understood in Allentown that when Jim Willis returned there would be a wedding, while not a "boy" in the village would have dreamed of daring to court a smile or word from Susy.

The long evening shadows of August were falling from the houses and trees, when Katie sat dreaming in her little room. Tea was over. Her father had gone to town the day before with provisions, and would not return until far into the night. Ned had gone to see Susy, so there was no one to interrupt the musing. She was thinking whether, when Susy came to the farm-house, she might not think of quitting it, and the various pros and cons of Bob, Harry, and Will, flitted through her coquettish little heart, as she deliberated on their several cases, her heart free to choose from all of them.

Suddenly, looking up, she saw Ned coming slowly down the path from the cottage. He reeled from side to side as if intoxicated, while his faltering step, his bowed head and drooping figure, terrified his sister greatly. He must be ill! Very ill indeed he looked as he passed the gate she had hastened to open for him. He made no answer to her piteous inquiries as he passed her to enter the kitchen where he sank down upon the floor, resting his head on his clasped hands, and sobbed the hard dry gasps of a strong man in agony.

"O Ned! dear Ned! what is it? You frighten me so! Ned, Ned, dear! is Susy sick?"

He looked up at the name, his face ashy pale, his eyes burning and dry—

"Don't speak of Susy, Katie! Don't; it kills me!"

"But, Ned"—

"I'll try to tell you, Katie. We never *have* had any secrets."

She had seated herself on a low stool, and drawn his head to rest upon her breast, and her gentle touch, her face of tender love seemed to soothe him, for his harsh choked voice softened as he spoke to her.

"Jim Willis has come home, Katie. He 's made a heap of money speculating, and bought a house in Cincinnati, and is going to take Susy and her mother there to live; and he says I can't have Susy—she 's going to be rich, and a city girl—and I 'm only a poor country clodhopper."

"Ned!"

"He said so. She 's to go to Cincinnati and make a great match; and I can never see her again."

"But, Susy—what does Susy herself say?"

"He wouldn't let me see her, except when he lifted her into the coach to go away—all white and dead like—where she fainted."

"Go away?"

"They 're gone. He came home this morning, in a coach he 'd hired in town, and he made them pack up and get ready to go right off—wouldn't let either of them come here—tried to get away before I came, and drove me away as if I had been a loafer. O Katie, how can I live!"

The loyal heart was nearly breaking. Every word came in a gasp, and the pallid face and quivering lips were faithful witnesses of the terrible agony of this unexpected blow. From a boy to a man, he had cherished one dream of future happiness, and it was a pain that no language can adequately describe, to see it thus ruthlessly dashed from him.

Katie was powerless to console him. The shock was to her only second to his own, for Susy had been to her in the place of a sister from their childhood, and she loved her brother with a passionate devotion that made every tone of his voice, every quiver of his pale lips a blow on her tender heart.

Far as Cincinnati really was from the quiet New England village, its actual distance was nothing compared to the vast space their simple imaginings threw between. Susy was to be carried away, far from her home, far from them, and if the destination had been Egypt or Constantinople, the shock would have gained no force. Ned's heart dwelt on the pale, senseless face as he had seen it carried by him, till his poor brain fairly numbed under the burden of its grief, and he lay silent, only sometimes moaning as the sorrow became more poignant in a new light. Night fell, the long hours drew out their slow length, and still the two remained mute and motionless, trying to realize and bear this strange fortune. Daybreak stealing in, and the sound of the farmer's heavy wagon in the yard, roused them at last, and poor Ned, unable to meet the cheery voice and face of his father, stole away to his room, leaving Katie to tell the news.

It is impossible to describe the farmer's wrath. Hot words of burning indignation poured from his lips, and, for the first time, Katie heard an oath from her father's lips, as he cursed Jim Willis for his miserly, cruel heart. Then came gentler thoughts. Susy, his little pet, second only to Ned and Katie in his heart, lost, carried away from them, torn from her home and lover—and here the thought of Ned's grief conquered every other, and the old man strode up the narrow staircase to his son's door. It needed just such fatherly tenderness as he brought to win Ned from his tearless agony, to the relief of tears and speech, and far into the morning the two sat talking of this hard turn in fortune.

The morning duties called them down, and if Katie's heart ached over her brother's untouched breakfast, it was comforted by seeing how deep was his father's sympathy.

Days passed, and weeks, and Ned tried to bear his sorrow like a man. There was no want of sympathy at home, where the loving eyes watched his pale cheeks with a tender interest that was almost painful, and the brave heart that would have given Susy its full wealth of love, was generous to the home circle, and for its sake tried to live down the pain of disappointment. I know that to be a proper hero Ned should have moped and drooped, snubbed Katie, been savage to all human nature, and finally have left home to work out his spleen in some new life. But Ned's heroism had a strong element in his pure Christian faith, which taught him to do as he would be done by, to honor his father, to bear his cross patiently; and so if his merry whistle had ceased, his voice gradually re-

sumed its clear cheerfulness, and his manner grew doubly tender to Katie as he marked her sympathizing love. Not a word dropped from any of them that could give one shadow of reproach to Susy, and some vague ideas of a rescue occasionally suggested themselves to Ned, where his love might win her from her father's tyranny, or melt his obstinate resolve. The idea that Susy could ever be his wife without that consent, never occurred to him.

The winter had set in before one word of the fugitives reached Allentown, then Katie had a treasure to show, a letter from Susie—

"DEAR, DEAR KATIE" (so it read), "I may be doing very wrong to write to you after all that father has said; but mother has given me permission to write *once*, so I am now trying to tell you that my love for you—for Ned—(here a great blot told of a tear) and your dear father, is just the same, though we shall never see each other again. I have been very sick; so sick on the road here, that we had to stay nearly two weeks at a town where father had some business, and that is why I did not write before. O Katie! I must mind father, who says I must never think of Ned again; but it is terrible hard not to. Nights I lay awake and think of all the nice days in Allentown where we were keeping company, and my heart seems breaking when I think we may never meet again on earth. O! Katie, comfort Ned, tell him that I will never, never let any other boy court me—tell him I never can forget him, though I must try; tell him I did love him with my whole heart; and don't let him quite forget me, even if he marries some other girl. Don't write to me—mother says not; but think of me sometimes, and give my love to Ned and your father.

SUSY."

That was all, but Ned felt when Katie told him he might keep the letter, that mines of wealth could not purchase it from him.

Five years passed, and no word came from Cincinnati. Katie was a wife now, and mother to a bouncing boy crawling about the floor, but Ned was true as steel to his old love. No word of courting had ever passed his lips since Susy left him, and if his tall figure had developed to manliness, his voice grown rougher, his frank face older, the boyish love still nestled down in the depths of his heart, and he resolved to live ever a bachelor for Susy's sake.

Katie's new cares had somewhat clouded her pain at Susy's departure, and the name that had once been so sweet a household word, was now rarely heard in the farm-house.

There was something very touching in the manly courage which Ned brought to bear upon the sorrow of his life. Never, save on the one night when the suddenness of the blow prostrated him, had he given way to the passionate grief in his heart, and his calm pursuit of the weary routine of life evinced more moral courage than is often given to great deeds that make the world ring.

It was Sunday morning, and everybody at the farm-house had gone to church except Ned and the baby. The junior member of the household was fast asleep on a rug before the fireplace, and Ned was reading, when a shadow fell upon the floor, and a voice low and sweet spoke his name.

He scarcely dared breathe as he looked up. So pale and thin as to be almost spirit like, dressed in the heaviest mourning, the large, earnest eyes hollow, the lips white and trembling, surely that could not be Susy? He had pictured her living in wealth—forgetting him perhaps—but never, never this pale, grief-stricken woman.

"Ned, don't you know me?"

Still doubting, he rose and came to meet her, till with a glad cry he opened his arms, and folded her closely, as if never again to let her go.

"Susy, my Susy! Oh, how can I ever be thankful enough? O Susy!" and the hot tears fell on the sweet face, as he marked its white, wasted lines.

"Father took to drink after he got rich, Ned, and it is three years since mother died. We were very wretched, Ned, for city folks did not care for us, and we were not used to their ways; after mother died father was scarcely ever sober, and I had a hard time taking care of him, till about two months ago he was taken sick. We 'd spent nearly all the money long before; but I did sewing, and sometimes father earned something, until he was sick. Then we were very poor, but just before he died somebody sent him some money they owed him. He gave it to me, and told me to come here with it, and ask you to forgive him for parting us; so after he died, I came to see if you still cared for me, Ned?"

"Care for you! O Susy, I will care for you all my life if you will stay, Susy!"

But the white lips gave no answer, the head fell back nerveless, and as he had seen her on that heavy day of parting, he held her now. The weary, overtasked frame had

given way under its load of sorrow and trouble, and it needed all Katie's tender nursing, all Ned's loving care, to win the invalid back to them from her long, long illness. For days her life hung on a thread, but at last the color came flitting back to the pale lips and cheeks, and when the year of mourning had passed, there was not in Allentown a prettier or more winsome wife than Susy Clarke.

THE CASKET OF TEMPERANCE.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

(Pearl the Fourth.)

SOWING AND REAPING.

(Founded on Fact.)

THE moonbeams lay along the street
Where foes and friends and strangers meet,
With loitering step or hasty feet.

Hard by the beaten path there lies
A young man in a drunkard's guise;
His senses steeped in rum's surprise.

To some he is a theme for speech
Made sharp by wit, that fails to reach
Its victim; there are some who preach

A sermon on the ills that wait
On those that enter through the gate
Of certain sorrow, certain fate.

And some there are who pass him by
With stately step and scornful eye,
Who such a destiny defy.

So some with pity, some with prayer,
Pass by the young man lying there,
Unconscious of the lips that wear

A scornful sneer, or of the eyes
That fall in soft and sad surprise
On manhood in such shameful guise.

But there is one among them all
Whose feelings rise above his fall,
Nor thinks him quite beyond recall.

Her memory goes back to hours
When, free from wine's enslaving powers,
He stood upon this world of ours

Strong in the strength of buoyant years,
Strong in the faith that conquered fears,
Strong in the love that life endears.

A worshipper at beauty's shrine,
A votary of love divine,
And honored in life's chosen line.

Now, deep and dark the shadow lies
About him, and her sad surprise
O'erflowing from her tender eyes,

Takes form as pity's self would trace;
She spreads her kerchief o'er his face
To hide his features from disgrace.

Then goes her way. And while he slept
I warrant that the angels wept
For joy as they love's vigil kept.

For I am one of those who hold
The sweet belief that young and old
Have angels, whose bright wings enfold

Them evermore; and in the day
When most they feel the tempter's sway,
Their still small voice pleads for delay.

And if we make the wiser choice,
And hear and heed the warning voice,
Our hearts have reason to rejoice.

* * * * * * *

The young man from his drunken sleep
Awoke. With shame sincere and deep,
He woke to wonder and to weep.

As reason shaped his thoughts, they grew
Into resolves to dare and do,
Until once more to manhood true.

And if his thoughts went back to her
Whose pitying act new hopes did stir
To being, 'twas as worshipper;

But not until his life had shown,
By proofs sincere, the altered tone
Of being, wrought by her alone

Whose simple act, by pity wrought,
Fame out of deep disgrace had brought
And unto men a lesson taught;

That as the oaks from acorns grow,
As rivers from small streamlets flow,
As pebbles make the mountains, so

A single word, a single deed
May plant within the heart a seed
Whose bloom a world shall see. Full need

There is of truths like these to-day,
When passion holds supremest sway.
And men the tempter's calls obey.

For us the work grows with each year,
To warn, to cherish, and to cheer,
Dispel each doubt, uproot each fear,

To comfort hearts that else would break,
To lead the erring back, and make
Their lives a blessing for love's sake.

THE PRESENT MOMENT.—There is no moment like the present. Not only so, but, moreover, there is no moment at all—that is, no instant force and energy, but in the present. The man who will not execute his resolutions when they are fresh upon him, can have no hope from them afterwards; they will be dissipated, lost, and perish in the hurry and skurry of the world, or sunk in the slough of indolence.

—ANGRY friendship is not unfrequently as bad as calm enmity.

UNCLE HUGH.

BY ROSE WOOD.

"ARE you going out to walk, sister? Do please let me go with you, I am so tired of being shut up here, and I don't believe it would hurt me one bit."

"Why, Lulu! I thought you were asleep. What would the doctor say if he should come, and find his little patient gone?"

"I hope he would say there is no need of any more bitter medicine for Miss Lucy. Neither is there, for I ate a whole egg for my breakfast, and I feel as strong as can be."

"You forget, dear, that you have not yet walked across the room without help."

"But I can, though!" and the little form upon the lounge sprang up, and ran rapidly across the room; as she returned, her feet faltered, the room swam, and had not her sister's watchful care prevented, she would have fallen.

"I thought I could walk, but I can't," she sobbed out.

"You must not be discouraged, darling. These little feet need a little more strength; but you are gaining now every day. Next week I think I may promise you a walk. I will stay home with you now, if you wish."

"Oh no! The day is so pleasant it will do you good to be out in the bright sunshine. But tell me where you are going."

"Only to see about my music class. It has been three weeks since I have seen any of my pupils, and I fear that—grown weary of waiting—they have employed another teacher."

"I hope so, Anna, for then you can stay with me all the time. You don't know how lonely I used to feel those weary music hours when you were away."

Anna sighed, as she bent over the little one and stroked back the silken ringlets which shaded the pale brow. "It is not inclination, but necessity that takes me ever from you, dear," she answered.

"I know it, sister, and I am a naughty girl to complain when you are always doing so much for me. I am keeping you here now, but before you go, won't you please draw my chair to the open window, and prop it up so that I can look over into that beautiful garden. There—that is just high enough—now I can see all over the garden. How sweet the air smells! Just look at those roses! How full, and how many. If I could only have just one of those white ones. They make me think of dear mamma. How she loved flowers! Don't you remember when she was sick we used to gather and carry fresh flowers to her room every day? I did not know then how near death was coming."

Anna's tears mingled with her sister's, as she replied, "Those were precious hours; though I knew they were fleeting, for I saw the dark shadows approach long before it came upon us—we never can forget our sainted mother—but you must not look back too much, Lulu. Now that our Heavenly Father has spared your life, and you are getting over this trying fever, I want my little sister to be cheerful and happy. Thank God that you have eyes to see those sweet flowers, and do not murmur because they are not yours. I must go now, but first I want these tears away."

"Then sing to me, sister, please sing, 'I have a Father in the Promised Land.'"

The rich melody floated out upon the air, and filled all the room, as Anna's sweet voice gave utterance to the words of this beautiful little song. Ere she had finished the tears were dry, and a happy light from within shone on the beautiful face of the lovely child. Anna stooped, and kissed both eyes and lips. Then with a cheerful "Good-by, Lulu," left the room.

It was a plainly furnished room, in a cheap, but respectable boarding-house, of one of the large cities of New England. This one room was all the place that these two sisters now called home. The memory of another happier home, in the past, was still bright and fresh. A home overshadowed by roses and honeysuckles without, and within by a mother's loving care.

Anna and Lucy Leslie were orphans. Their father died when the youngest was a babe, leaving only sufficient property to maintain his family with strict economy. The sickness of their mother was long and protracted. At her death, after discharging all the debts

incurred during her illness, only a small sum remained. These debts Anna scrupulously paid to the last cent. Then came the parting from the well-loved home, and the removal to their present place of abode. Another home in the future they looked forward to, where dear friends meet never to be separated, and where death cannot come.

Anna had supported herself and her sister, for a year past, by teaching music, for which she was eminently qualified. But for the last month Lulu, whose health was always delicate, had been prostrated with a fever. Very near to them again the King of Terrors had come. Anna's music had been given up, and all her time devoted to the little sufferer. This unwearied care, with the blessing of Him who is a Father to the fatherless, had kept the silver cord from breaking. How thankful she was, this bright summer day, that her prayers had been answered, and she was not left alone with none to love in this great city of strangers.

One hour, two hours passed, and again Anna drew near her own door. The class of twelve she found reduced to two; but these were her favorite pupils, and she hoped to increase the class soon; at any rate she would not be discouraged, now that her darling sister was almost well again.

As she passed the last house, she remembered Lulu's wish for flowers. The owner of the garden was a stranger to her. But surely, she thought, no one would refuse a flower to a sick child, and without further hesitation she ascended the marble steps and rang the bell. It was answered by a servant. Not wishing to intrude, Anna would have sent in by him her request for a single flower, to gratify a little invalid. But without waiting to hear, he closed the door with the insolent reply, "I have orders to clear the door of all beggars."

"Open that door, sir!" called a firm, stern voice, from an adjoining room; and quicker than the door had been closed, was it opened by the frightened menial, who stammered out an apology.

A gentleman advanced to the steps, and called after Anna who had reached the pavement. "Stay, a moment. Did you wish for flowers?" Anna turned, and saw such a pleasant faced old gentleman, that all her anger vanished.

"A rose for a sick sister, sir," she replied.

"Come in, come right in, and help yourself. The windows were raised, so that through the blinds the boy's insolence reached my ears. He complained to me this morning of the beggars at the door, and I foolishly gave him money, telling him to clear the door with that and send none empty away."

At the word beggar, the blood again crimsoned Anna's cheek; without noticing it, he continued: "How the scamp treats the poor beggar I should like to know, if this is the way a lady's simple request for a flower is met. I know not how to apologize for having such a fellow about the house. But here we are in the garden. Now pick for yourself such as you like, and as many as you wish."

"It is this rose," said Anna, "that my little sister admires so much, she can see it from her window." As she spoke, she broke off a branch of the delicate white buds, to which she added a cluster of china roses, a spray of beautiful fuchsia, a geranium, and a purple pansy.

"I admire your selection," said her companion.

"They are all so beautiful," she answered, "it would be hard to choose, if beauty were the test, but I have taken those that remind me of pleasant scenes in days gone by. Thank you for your kindness in permitting me to gather them. My little sister loves flowers so well that this gift will make her very happy."

"No thanks. You are welcome to as many more. Come again, when these are withered."

Anna thanked him again, as he opened the street door for her to pass out. Then hastening on, she was soon softly opening the door of their own little room. Lulu was asleep. A tear still glittered on the long lashes which shaded the flushed cheek, while a smile lingered on the lips; pleasant dreams had chased away sad thoughts. Quietly, Anna arranged her floral treasure in a delicate vase, and then placed it just where Lulu's eyes would rest upon it when she first wakened.

The sweet perfume stole over the senses of the little sleeper. Dreamily she uttered "Flowers, sweet flowers," then opening wide her blue eyes fixed them wonderingly upon the beautiful bouquet before her.

"O, Anna! where did you get them? Those lovely white buds are just what I was wishing for. I am almost sure they came from that splendid rose-bush over the wall. But how could you get them?"

"I gathered them, Lu; gathered them all for you. And now, if you can keep right still, I will tell you all about my adventure."

While Anna is amusing Lulu with a graphic account of the surly servant and the kind old gentleman, this gentleman himself, alone in his library, is sadly thinking of days and scenes away back in his boyhood's time. In his hand is a miniature of a little girl with sunny ringlets and dimpled cheeks. Her blue eyes seem to look smilingly upon him as he speaks, partly to himself, partly to the little pictured face: "Ah! my little Ella, still bright and smiling, while I have come to be an old, gray-headed man, a lone old man with none to care for, none to care for me. Forty years since I bade good-by to my British home. All that made England dear to me was the graves of my parents, and the presence of my dearly loved, only sister. I left her happy in the love of a kind husband, and this little olive branch, my pretty, petted niece. Years passed; I heard of my sister's death, and that her little Ella was cared for by her father's friends. She grew up and married, before I returned, with the fortune I sought. Then, when I inquired for her, none could tell me. I learned that her husband, an officer of the Crown, had been stationed in Canada. There were rumors of her death. I have written many letters, and would go a long distance to find you, bright-eyed Ella. If living, you too have grown old, and this little face must be greatly changed; still, it could never lose that winning smile. One thing more I can do, and if that does not avail, then I shall give up all hopes of ever seeing you again." As he spoke, he took a pen from the desk and rapidly wrote these words: "If Ellen Russel, or any of her descendants are living, they will confer a favor, as well as receive a benefit, by addressing H. L. H., Boston, Mass. Box 210." This he at once dispatched to the *Montreal Herald*, and the next week received a copy of that paper containing his advertisement.

Weeks passed, weeks of solitary loneliness to the gray-haired man, and of tedious convalescence to the bright-eyed Lulu. Before the hue of health had quite returned to her cheek, his garden was gay with autumnal flowers, and the rich clusters of purple grapes drooped over the trellis. Each day it was the child's delight to watch the bursting of bright buds and the falling of faded flowers, until she knew and loved each plant as well, or better, than did the kind old gentleman himself. He one day caught a glimpse of a pair of wistful eyes intently watching him as he trained over the wall a truant vine. Pausing in his work, he rapidly severed amaranths, dahlias, roses, and verbenas with a lavish hand. Throwing all together in a paper, he added a few large clusters of his finest grapes, and sent them by the hands of a servant to the little girl at the window.

Lulu was in raptures over both fruit and flowers. Anna was away with her music class, and this was one of her weary hours. She arranged and re-arranged the fruit in her own little basket, and the flowers in the vase upon the table with admiring delight, until her sister's return. Anna was pleased with Lulu's happiness; but her spirit's sadness was too deep to be chased away with flowers. Her music class continued so small that she feared she should be unable to pay the rent of their room. Besides, her wardrobe needed to be replenished, must be if she continued to meet her class. Very dark seemed the way before her, but, with a smiling face, she hid from Lulu's eyes her aching heart, as she praised the fruit and admired the flowers, even to her sister's satisfaction.

"But what have you here?" she said, as she turned away and picked up a paper from the floor.

"Oh, the paper they were wrapped in! You see they were all just huddled together in that newspaper, and I have had such a pleasant time picking out and arranging them."

"Why, Lu, it's a Canada paper! I believe I would rather have the paper than the flowers, this time," she said, as she seated herself, for a rest after her long walk, with the paper in her hand, over which her eye rapidly glanced. "Not much in it but advertisements," she continued. "But as it's from Canada, I believe I'll read even those." As she spoke she started, drew the paper nearer to her, then laid it down, then lifted it and read again and again the advertisement inquiring for Ellen Russel.

"Can it mean our mother?" she said to herself. "That was her maiden name, and a long time ago she lived in Canada. Montreal was my birthplace. It can do no harm at least to answer the inquiry; but I must not

tell Lulu. If it should prove a mistake, she shall not share the disappointment."

That evening she wrote and sent to the post-office the following note:—

"The children of Ellen Russel may be found at No. 612 S—— Street."

The contents of Box 210 were the next morning left at their kind neighbor's door. Among them was Anna's letter. He opened the envelope, read those words, and started to his feet. "The same city! the same street! the very next door! and I not know it!" Not until he was ascending the steps of 612 did he reflect that he knew not the name of a single inmate there.

Hurriedly retracing his steps, he rang the bell for his housekeeper, who quickly answered his summons. "Martha," he said, as she entered the room, "can you tell me who lives next door above us?"

"Do you mean the boarding-house, sir? That is kept by Mrs. Wilmot. A nice old lady she is, too."

"Do you know any of her boarders?"

"None, but the little dear you sent the flowers to. She and her sister have the room overlooking our garden. Her sister is a music teacher, a sweet looking lady, though I think from appearances they are very poor."

"I would like to see this little girl. I dare say the child can tell me the name of every boarder there. Can you contrive to bring her here?"

"Oh yes! she will be delighted to see the garden, and I will be glad to go and fetch her; for somehow I took a mighty fancy to that child."

"You may as well invite her sister to come too; a breath of fresh air will do them both good," he said, as he turned towards the garden, and there took his favorite seat in a rustic chair half hidden by a climbing vine. He had not waited long when the patter of little feet and childish exclamations of delight announced the approach of his little visitor. Soon a turn in the path brought her full before him. Involuntarily he called out "Ella," so striking was the likeness to the little playmate of his boyhood. The same hair, and eyes, and smile.

Lulu started, and ran towards him. "Did you call me, sir?" she said. "My name is Lucy, but I love best to be called Lulu. My dear mother's name was Ella."

He drew the child towards him as he asked, "Where is your mother, dear?"

She shook her head sadly, and the tears gathered in her eyes, as she replied: "She is gone—gone home to heaven, where dear papa is. Anna and I are all that are left here, now."

Pleased with a stranger's sympathy, she went on to tell all that she knew of their past history. Her childish prattle, to which he eagerly listened, was at length interrupted by the approach of Anna, who had promised to come for her at the close of a half hour.

"There is my sister Anna coming for me," she exclaimed, as she sprang away, and bounded down the path.

Her companion followed her flying footsteps, and extending his hand to Anna said: "From what your little sister has told me, I infer that the reply to an inquiry in the *Montreal Herald* was written by yourself; and if so, you are the children of Ellen Russel."

"We are, sir. That was our dear mother's maiden name. Our father's name was Leslie."

"Did you ever hear her speak of an Uncle Hugh?"

"Often and often; but he went away from home, and died when she was but a little girl."

"No, he did not die; he is alive and well, and at present a resident of this very city. Come to my house to-morrow afternoon, and you shall meet him here."

"Would he not come to us, sir?" said Anna, with a quick glance at her rusty dress, which she felt was not very suitable for an evening visit.

"He is an old man, full of whims, and to meet you here would be more agreeable to him."

"Please tell me," interrupted Lulu, who could keep still no longer; her blue eyes had dilated, under the astonishing news, to their utmost capacity. So many questions she wanted answered, but only one she ventured to ask. "Has he any children? please tell me."

Long and earnestly he looked at the sweet, eager face upturned to his, and not until the question "Has he any children?" was repeated, did he answer. "Yes, he has two. You shall be introduced to-morrow. I can answer no more questions now."

Anna was glad to say "Good-evening," and seek the retirement of their own room, there

to think and talk with Lulu over the strange events of the day. Lulu asked question upon question, and it was long after her usual bedtime before the excited child could be soothed to rest.

The morning came. The music hours had never seemed longer to Lulu. A box was left at the door directed to herself. On the inside of the lid she read these words—"Uncle Hugh believes in first impressions. Accept and wear his gift for your mother's sake."

How Lulu's little fingers fluttered over those beautiful dresses! She knew not which most to admire, the soft gray, with its beautiful trimming, for Anna, or the pretty blue cashmere for her own little self. How often she uncovered the box for just one more peep, and how often she looked far down the street for Anna's coming!

At length Anna came; but to Lulu's surprise she seemed to view the gift with more of pain than pleasure, and to her oft-repeated question "Are they not beautiful?" only replied: "I would rather not wear the dress. I don't like such odd whims."

"Why, sister, you haven't anything near so pretty to wear. I think Uncle Hugh was very kind to send them," was Lulu's reproachful reply.

Anna saw that her sister understood not the feeling which shrank from receiving such presents, from an unknown hand, even though a relative, and not wishing to cloud her joyous anticipations, proceeded at once to array the little girl in the dress intended for her. Very lovely Lulu looked, and as Anna smoothed again and again the soft glossy curls, she thought more kindly of Uncle Hugh's idea about first impressions. Her own toilet was quickly made, and pronounced perfect by the admiring child.

Anna's beauty was not striking as Lulu's. And yet their new friend, as he met them at his own door, thought he had never seen two more lovely faces. His kind manner soon made them feel at home in the luxurious parlors where they awaited the arrival of Uncle Hugh. At his request, Anna seated herself at the piano, and, accompanied by the sweet voice of Lulu, sang her favorite airs. Lulu's impatience, at length, could be no longer controlled. Breaking off in the midst of a song she abruptly asked: "Why don't Uncle Hugh come? Do you know he will be here this evening?"

"No doubt of that. But while you are waiting let me show you his portrait," the old gentleman said. And rising he led the way to a full-length portrait which occupied a recess in the opposite room. Drawing up the blind, he threw a flood of light on the face, saying, as he did so, "Tell me what you think of him. Does he look at all as you expected?"

"Why, this is your likeness!" exclaimed Lulu; while Anna, guessing the truth, looked anxiously at him for a solution of the mystery.

"You are right, my child. I am the original of that picture, and I am Uncle Hugh." As he spoke he lifted the bewildered child in his arms and gave her a shower of kisses. "Just this way," he said, "I used to kiss your mamma, when she was a little girl like you, and I a great teazing boy. You are the exact image of your mother, Lulu. But come, I must, as I promised, introduce you to my children." Disengaging one arm he placed it around Anna, and drawing them both before a large mirror—"Here they are," he playfully said, "Miss Anna and Miss Lulu Leslie, adopted daughters of Hugh Hampton."

LOVE OF LIFE.

How instinctively the prayer for length of days goes up from the heart of man! Christian or pagan, groping in the darkness of ignorance and superstition, or walking in the full light of heavenly wisdom, it has been always the same, even from the hour that Hezekiah turned his face to the wall, and wept sore at the death-message of the son of Amoz. It is natural that thus it should be, and it is well also. The earth is our present home, and it is reasonable that we should be fond of it, that we should delight in its beauties and enjoy its blessings; for it is no scene of bliss to many: and so bitter are the sorrows and sufferings often permitted to its inhabitants, that were not this bond of union between them, and their abode both strong and elastic, utter disgust and discouragement would soon paralyze every energy, and turn each individual into a hopeless, aimless ghost, flitting about and searching for some avenue of escape from its wretchedness. Honest, downright love of life, too, is conducive to the easy and effectual performance of its duties; a child constantly craving for home will

seldom profit by his studies; a servant perpetually longing for the close of his engagement will scarcely give satisfaction to his employer.

Yet good and beneficial as this appreciation of existence is, it may be carried to unwise extremes, or be retained too long. It is a fearful sight to witness that blind clinging to life, that terrified deprecation of the idea of death that the worldly-minded and the irreligious exhibit; it is a sad spectacle to behold the very aged, those who have long past the threescore years and ten, or even the fourscore years assigned to man, still longing to live—still choosing this low earth as their proper sphere. Youth dreads a blight upon its flowers; manhood's schemes ask time to bring them to perfection; middle age draws its home-loves around it, and feels as if it could not part with aught so dear; but age, trembling with weakness, deprived of almost every active power of enjoyment, often alone, if not desolate, what is there to chain it to its ruined home; or rather, to that foreign land, on whose shore it has long dwelt, an exile and a wanderer? What but habit; what but that dislike to change, that shrinking from entering into what we only know by report, that so many of us experience in our everyday concerns and undertakings? Yes! but there is something else that comes in to complete the work. I think we do not realize the actual fact of heaven—the positive existence of another life beyond the grave—as we ought to do. We deal too much in generalities on this, as on other subjects; we believe it is true, but is our belief as deep, as genuine, as fruitful of result as becomes our Christian profession? We need not fear to encourage such vivid conceptions; the hurry and the wear of life will too constantly dim their brightness to allow them to unfit us for our daily task. If, for one short hour, the veil of sense seems removed, and we see with clearness and rapturous triumph the glorious future laid up for the redeemed of the Lord, the experience of the next will show us wholesomely, but humiliatingly, that we are still flesh and blood, still prone to commonplace plans and subjects, to human requirements and infirmities. Duly cultivated, this anticipation of the coming time will serve as a counterpoise to any undue love of earth; while the inherent instincts of our nature will never fail to keep our feet firmly planted on our daily road; one principle compensating the other, and producing harmony of thought and action; giving us, even in the full vigor of youth and health and strength, to remember our latter end with quiet hope, and enabling us—when the day's work is nearly finished, when the shadows of evening are lengthening around us, when lover and friend are almost all gathered to the silent house, when the silver cord is nearly loosened, and the golden bowl nigh unto its breaking—to await our summons patiently, tranquilly, but triumphantly; for

"If the call
Be but our getting to that distant land
For whose sweet waters we have pined with thirst,
Why should not its prophetic sense be borne
Into the heart's deep stillness with a breath
Of summer winds, a voice of melody,
Solemn, yet lonely?"

BY THE SEA.

A BALLAD.

My cottage fronts the sea so wide—
A shoemaker am I;
Yet those who sit my bench beside,
Are only those who buy.

I hammer, hammer, through the day,
My lap-stone on my knee,
And folk who pass me often say,
"A happy man is he."

But they do not know when the foamy seams
Of the midnight ocean frown,
How a goodly vessel haunts my dreams—
A vessel that went down.

Nor have they seen within my breast
My heavy heart beat on,
While my cry is ever, "Come, O rest!
The light of hope is gone!"

Though oftentimes an olden tale
Or song is on my lip,
'Tis but to drown the dismal wail
That riseth from that ship.

So when they say, in pleasant fit,
"A happy man are you,"
Although I give assent to it,
Their saying is not true.

But, smiling ones, who read this rhyme,
It was not always so;
My years have had their golden time,
And now must have their woe.

Oh do not think because to-night
You heave no weary sigh,
That grief will never come to blight—
That joy will never die.

For ere to-morrow's clouds are gay
Around the western hill,
Some storm may take *your* life away
And leave you living still.

"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

(Continued from page 267.)

CHAPTER V.

IT *was* a long ride; yet with a pair of fine horses, a warm covering over her, and that nervous dread of the end of the journey, it did not seem long to Effie. It was still early in the day when the driver, turning on his seat, said, respectfully—

"That 's Haresdale, miss, in that clump of trees. You can't see it from here in the summer, when the leaves are on the trees, but now it 's easy seen."

Effie looked, and her heart gave a quick bound of pleasure as she looked at her future home. All the cold dreariness of winter could not make it look desolate. The house was square, and moderate in size, with a wide porch on the lower story, long windows, opening to the ground, and a deep arching roof. From each of the upper windows a small balcony jutted out, and Effie's imagination covered all with summer verdure. The dark gray stone looked home-like and comforting on this cold day, and the bright sun, shining on the icicles depending from the roof, made a setting of brilliants for the house. Stretching away from the four doors were avenues of trees, now covered with ice, and glittering with prismatic colors, and from the wide lawn at the back the sun shone on a large sheet of water.

The carriage stopped, and the beauty was lost in the nervous dread which had haunted the journey. She trembled as she left the carriage and went up the steps. Some one was on the porch, but she dared not look up. Pale, trembling, faint with terror, she stood with downcast eyes. A hand raised the heavy veil, and left the pale face in its black frame exposed.

"You are welcome, my child!"

This greeting was in a tone deep and rich, but soft and gentle as a woman's. Effie looked up. A tall figure, a face with large features, florid complexion, blue eyes, and white hair, met her eyes. Not a handsome face; but there was something there that made the child give one gasping sob, and then spring into the outstretched arms, sure that her sore heart had found its home at last.

He was an old man, some sixty-five years of age, but of a tall vigorous frame, in perfect health, and a temperate life had made him as hale as most men ten years younger. Something twinkled in his eye as he wrapped Effie closely in his embrace, and then carried her in his strong arms into the house.

He drew a chair to the fire, and, still holding her, sat down. An unaccustomed, but not awkward hand took off the cloak and bonnet, and then he raised her face from his shoulder to look long and earnestly into it. With truer eyes than often rested upon it, he read intelligence in the broad brow, tender sensitiveness in the sweet mouth, and loving humility in the soft eye.

"Tell me your name, my child."

"Effie."

"And your age!"

"Fifteen! I am very small, but I am not, never have been very strong."

"And they have petted you to make you worse."

The hot blood rushed into face, neck, and throat, and the shrewd old man read the tale it told.

"So they didn't pet you!"

"It was my fault," she said, earnestly. "I was cross and ugly, and unlike the others."

"What others?"

It was a relief to talk of something besides herself; and Effie told him of her beautiful sisters, lingering with a gentle love over every detail of their loveliness and their accomplishments. Then her mother was described till the old man wondered at the depths of love the words conveyed.

"If you were so fond of them, why did you come here?"

The abrupt question did not disconcert her. With a simple frankness she said—

"You promised an income if one would come, and mother could spare me best. Blanche is to be married, and Laura is still at school. Besides, they are all beauties but me."

"Oh!"

There was a long silence after this exclamation. I know not what instinct assured Effie that it was pleasant to her uncle to hold her there in his arms; but she felt that he liked her to remain there, and she looked into the firelight till, tired with her long, cold ride, her head drooped, and for the first time in her life she fell asleep with loving arms around her.

Mr. Marshall sat very quietly. He did not like his nephew's wife. He knew her only as a gay leader of fashion, and his letter was the result of deep calculation.

"There!" he said to himself, as he folded it, "if she loves her children she will indignantly refuse to *sell* me one of them, and I will send her the income to support them; if she does not love them, I can try to make one happy at least."

His heart was very full as he looked upon the sleeping child in his arms. He read in the quiet little face the traces of long physical suffering, of painful thought and early sorrow, and he read, just as truly, a promise of rare intelligence and sweetness.

It was a new thing for Effie to be wakened by a warm kiss upon her lips, and the sunny smile that parted them, as she opened her eyes, was as great a novelty on her face.

"Dinner is ready, Effie. The warm fire was too much for your politeness; but wake up now and eat something."

"Most gratefully. My appetite will alarm you, and make you repent offering me a home!" was the laughing reply.

Happiness was so new a thing that Effie's heart was bounding and throbbing with a joy that must have its vent in merry words, and there was a faint color creeping into her thin sallow cheeks that showed how quickly a warm heart will show itself in the face.

"Mrs. Lawrence, this is my niece. Effie, you will find Mrs. Lawrence a queen here over the household, while you, my child, must submit to take a subordinate place as princess."

She was a little old lady, with a prim, neat figure, and a cheerful face, this Mrs. Lawrence, and she welcomed Effie right cordially, and then took her place opposite to Mr. Marshall.

There was a moment of silence, and then in a reverent tone, with clasped hands and downcast eyes, Mr. Marshall besought a blessing on the meal. Such prayers as Effie had said in her life had been the pure sincere outpourings of her own heart, nursed in silence, offered in solitude; but there was a gentle smile on her lip, as she bent her head, that said that this unaccustomed ceremony was very pleasant to her.

For a time the business of eating was only varied by short sentences, but when dessert was placed upon the table Mr. Marshall opened the conversation.

"Now, Mrs. Lawrence, we must bring the roses to Effie's face, and make her as plump as a partridge."

"You will have hard work, uncle. I have taken cod-liver oil, and iron, and bark"—

"Faugh! Stop! No wonder you are pale. Did you ever try rising at five o'clock to scamper over the free open country on a fine horse, or take a long walk, to come home and eat a breakfast fit for a dairy-maid?"

"Never. I rode one winter in a riding-school, but the exercise was too violent."

"I will be your doctor. You look to me as if you had passed too much of your life in a close school-room."

"Now your wisdom is at fault. I never was in a school-room."

"Then you have had masters at home."

"None, except my music-teacher!"

"Why, you never mean to tell me that you have grown to fifteen years of age in perfect ignorance."

"I know very little," said Effie.

"Then I must be your teacher as well as doctor, for I will not send my sunbeam away to school, however much she may object to living with such an ogre as I am."

The clear, ringing, childlike laugh that greeted this speech was never heard in the lonely nursery, or in the home circle.

"Uncle Charles," she said, as the last echoes of that free light laugh died away, "I begin to think that—that"—

"Well?"

"Perhaps when you know me better, how ignorant and selfish I am, and how troublesome because I am so often sick, that you won't love me so"—

"Well?"

"So much as I want you should."

It was out at last, and with crimson cheeks Effie looked down at her plate.

"Ignorant, selfish, and troublesome, that is a formidable list," said Mr. Marshall, very

gravely; "what can you offer to set against them?"

"Only," said the poor child, gently, "a real true wish to do right, and if you will let me, a loving heart for a kind uncle."

"It is a bargain! You have finished your dinner, I see; come here to me."

She was at his side in a moment.

"Now, Effie," he said, in a very tender tone, and taking her hand he drew her close to him, "we will begin by understanding each other. Do you know that to my lonely life you have offered a gift beyond all price, and one which till now seemed a hopeless one for me, I mean a loving heart? You have been a suffering invalid, I can read that in your face; a lonely child, that too I see; but, God willing, I will endeavor to bring you health and happiness in return. I ask only what you offer so freely, your affection."

She was weeping by this time, but not bitterly. The sweetest tears she had ever shed fell on that gentle hand that held her own, and she could only answer him by the mute eloquence of her large soft eyes turned trustingly, hopefully, lovingly to his.

The new life began the next day. A few hours of close examination satisfied Mr. Marshall that, so far from being more ignorant than most girls of her own age, she was far beyond them in her studies. French and German were added immediately to her list of daily duties, and other languages promised for the future. Mr. Marshall's plan of teaching was one which required all Effie's intelligence to meet. After the day's recitations were over in the library, he spoke to her in one or the other of those languages. If she understood him, she answered, all faults being instantly corrected; if she did not understand, he translated and repeated the sentences. In less than three months, to Mrs. Lawrence's astonishment, Effie chattered merrily in both languages, and in a year Spanish and Italian were added to the list. That Mr. Marshall, who passed his life in close study, was able to master four languages, Mrs. Lawrence regarded as quite natural; but for Effie, it was, to her, little short of a miracle.

"You will teach her Greek and Hebrew next," she said, one day, in laughing remonstrance.

"No, no, Mrs. Lawrence; Latin of course she learns, though you don't hear us asking each other for green peas and mutton in that tongue; but no more of the dead tongues for a lady."

Music she studied with a professor who came twice a week from G——.

But, although thus careful of her mental progress, her uncle was more thoughtful still for her bodily welfare. To bring the roses to her cheek, and roundness to her slight frame, was his proud and careful task. A gentle, easy horse was purchased, that his daily ride might have a companion, and Effie soon learned how a small, but skilful hand could master the animal. The threatened walks were insisted upon with a never-forgetting punctuality, and the evenings were devoted to music, knitting, or conversation; but always broken up in good season that sleep might not usurp the place of early rising, her uncle's pet hobby.

It was a revelation to the old man, this fund of loving sympathy he found in his own saddened heart. The hard solitude of years thus suddenly interrupted, was renewing his youthful affections, and making the sorrows of his life sink back before its present pleasures. He had thought that to study, visit the poor near him, and spend his wealth freely amongst them, was all that his life would require of him, and that beyond the cold pale of duty there was no call upon his energy, no demand upon his feelings. Now, with the sudden opening of his heart, to shut in this young ward as its chiefest treasure, he had found there inclosed a fund of warm love, of gentle patience, of careful solicitude, and almost womanly tenderness, and he daily blessed the impulse that had made him write a letter which had given him his darling, and saved her from the cold, unloving home which was her own.

CHAPTER VI.

"UNCLE CHARLES!" said Effie, coming into the library one bright winter's morning, "I wonder that you presume to put your hand upon that pile of books, or assume that I am to be a school-girl to-day. Do you not mark, sir, that I have on a new crimson wrapper, and that there is actually a comb at the back of my hair—a new ivory comb, purchased to add to my dignity?"

"Your dignity. My wee puss talk of dignity!"

"And why not, sir? I consider that my

courtesy is perfection, and I 'll carry my chin in the air with anybody."

"Well, my dear, granting all this, what is there to-day to add to all this immense stock of dignity?"

"Oh, most forgetful and negligent of uncles, to make me declare myself so old. Do you not remember that on this twenty-first of January comes a great anniversary? Nothing less, sir, than your niece's birthday!" And she drew herself erect with a bright blush and a cordial laugh.

"Eighteen years old! Come here, my child, my little girl who has grown up, and let me look at you. So this is your birthday, and it is three long years since you came here?"

"No, Uncle Charles, three short, happy years. No words of mine can ever tell you how happy, or how my heart swells with gratitude for every day and hour of it." And, leaning over his chair, she pressed her lips to his forehead.

"I have tried to make your home pleasant," said the old gentleman, thoughtfully. "Well, well, the day has come when I must tell my little girl what arrangements I have made for her in future. The little, pale child who nestled in my arms has gone, and I have a woman in her place to-day. Sit down, Effie, and listen to me."

Wondering, touched, awed by the serious gentleness of his tone, she sat down on a footstool at his feet, and looked up into his face. As she leaned her cheek against the arm of his chair, the sunlight just tinged the glossy waves of her hair, and made it a shining frame for her face. Such a beautiful, trusting, loving face! Yes, beautiful, for with health and happiness, the slight, frail figure had rounded to graceful outlines, the sallow complexion had cleared to a creamy whiteness, tinted with healthful blushes, and the large eyes had lost their dark, hollow frame. Small she was certainly, yet exquisitely proportioned, and the rich brown hair which shaded with such heavy, glossy braids the glowing cheek, would, when suffered to fall loosely, cover the little figure like a veil. Yet it was not beauty of form or feature that made Effie Marshall lovely. In the intelligent eye, the loving smile, the tender, sensitive modesty printed on every varying expression, lay the chief charm of her face.

They were silent for a few moments. The old man was looking over the past three years, thinking of his docile, intelligent pupil, of the companion of his walks and rides, and saying softly in his heart that all his care for her happiness had been repaid tenfold by this comforter of his lonely hours, this sunbeam of his home. At last he spoke:—

"Effie, I have been thinking of late that I was a selfish, unworthy guardian to keep my jewel here so jealously, and shut from her young life all its brightness. No, not a word yet. Let me finish! I know you are happy here, but you have not tried any other life; you are contented as a little bird is, who has never left the nest, to stay there; yet, the bird should try its wings, and the freedom should be a matter of choice. I know that your love for me is a pure, unselfish one, and you must not think that I suspect you of one interested motive, but I must tell you what arrangements I have made. First, your mother. I have settled upon her the income which I promised, that my death may not deprive her of it. Blanche and Beatrice being well married need no help from me, and Laura can share with her mother. Now, for yourself. I have placed in trusty hands a sum of money which is now utterly beyond my power to touch; it is yours for life, yours to leave to whom you will. Married or single, you can still depend upon it, and should you now prefer to go to your mother, or leave here for any more cheerful, social home, you are independent, and your own mistress."

No answer in words could Effie speak. She could only rest her head on that kind bosom, and cling there sobbing.

"I have pained you! Darling! Effie!"

"You will not send me away!" she whispered.

"Send you away! Never! Look up, you foolish child. I only want you to understand that you are after this as free as air; at liberty to go, or stay and torment me, for the rest of my life. That 's right! smile!"

"I think," said Effie, now all smiles again, "that I will pack up to-morrow, take a short trip to the North Pole first, then make a little journey to Constantinople and Hindostan, and finally settle down for a quiet life in Patagonia or the Deserts of Sahara."

"Well, my dear, drop me a line now and then."

"Certainly! You may look for a letter semi-annually."

"But seriously, Effie, you are too young for this hermit-like existence; you must see something of the world, though you will be a perfect daisy in society, you unsophisticated little thing."

"Not a bit of it, sir. Do you suppose I lived with two belles for nothing?"

"Two belles?"

"Certainly, Blanche and Beatrice did considerable rehearsing in the nursery. I know the gracious bow, the chilling bow, and the mere acquaintance inclination of the head. I understand the precise smiles for a compliment; the one which merely says, 'You are very kind, sir, but I knew all that before,' and the one which gently contradicts, and the Oliver Twist expression."

"Oliver Twist expression!"

"Asking for more! Then I can give that little gliding motion that suits the fairy-like style; or the quiet, dignified step which will give due effect to stately beauty; and as for complexion savers, white hand preservers, poses for displaying the curve of the throat, or turn of the waist, I consider myself perfectly competent to give each and all of them."

"I had no idea you were so accomplished."

"O, I never expect to be appreciated," said Effie, with a saucy smile. "You have got used to me, you see, and my charms are thrown away."

"They shall certainly go where they will have the effect of novelty. Now, listen to my scheme."

"I am all attention."

"We will stay here until spring, and in the meantime do you and Mrs. Lawrence prepare a wardrobe befitting such a charming *débutante*. We will spend the summer at Newport, and next winter take a house in town. Mrs. Lawrence shall keep house, and you and I will have a gay time. Then, if nobody steals my bird away, she shall come home, go to Europe, or spend a second summer in a like manner, just as she wishes."

"And now, Uncle Charles, put away the books, and we will take a long ride, this clear, bright day, to warm and stimulate ourselves before dinner."

CHAPTER VII.

"You know everybody, George; tell me who is that lovely girl who arrived yesterday."

"Lovely girls arrive here all the time."

"O, but this one is superlatively lovely. I met her this morning at a most incredibly early hour down near the fort, riding. I had one of my restless nights, was up very early, and was out for a stroll, when I saw the lady and her father, I suppose, coming up the road. She is small, and exquisite as a miniature painting, and she rides beautifully. Her hat just shaded the brown braids of hair, but let me see the brightest, most bewitching face I ever beheld. Just as she came beside me she started to race with her companion, and she managed her horse to perfection; rode, if I may use the expression of a lady, like a breeze. They brought their own horses; beauties they are, too."

"Where are they?"

"Nos. 36, 37, and 38, right below us."

"The best rooms in the house."

"Oh, there's no money spared. The old gentleman had his piano brought, and his own turn-out, and he evidently thinks nothing too good for that lovely little lady of his."

"His wife, perhaps."

"Not at all; she is down on the register as Miss Marshall."

The speakers, two young gentlemen, were sauntering up and down the broad piazza of the principal hotel in Newport, smoking and chatting, and occasionally nodding to passing acquaintances. Now, the one addressed as George took his cigar out of his mouth, and looked earnestly at his companion.

"Miss Marshall! Can it be Miss Laura?"

"Tall and blonde, is she not?"

"Yes, but who can the gentleman be?"

"This lady is neither tall nor blonde, so it is not Miss Laura Marshall. Besides, she was not to come till next month, was she?"

"Miss Marshall! Miss Marshall!" said George, musingly.

"Now it is too bad for *you* to be mystified. Here I have counted upon you as the person to tell me all about her, who were her last winter's conquests, and all that sort of thing, and you are as ignorant as myself."

"But you forget that I was only in town last winter."

"And I have been in Mexico for three years, and only came home *this summer*; so you can't tell me who she is?"

"No! Hark! What a voice!"

It was nearly dark, just that hazy twilight that suits music, and the gentlemen leaned on

the railing of the piazza to listen. The strains came from a window which opened upon the piazza; but the closed blinds gave no view of the apartment; there was no light within, and the full notes of the piano were evidently touched by fingers which let caprice assist memory in choosing the harmonious chords. But the voice, the rich, clear, expressive voice, now sinking into melting pathos, now rising in full joyous cadences, sometimes flying over difficult passages as if they were the impromptu variations of the melody, then dwelling on the simple notes with a force and simplicity that made each one a song. Several airs succeeded the first, and then the skilful fingers drew from the instrument music only to be eclipsed by that wondrous voice. And with almost hushed breathing George Bancroft listened. Some one called his companion away, but he remained until the moon rose, and the music ceased; then, with the notes still lingering in his ears, he sauntered slowly away. The blinds were opened, and then near the window, Effie came to her pet place, at her uncle's feet.

"I was thinking to-day," she said, as she sat looking at the moon, "that I should like to be a heroine."

"What, a strong-minded stirring woman, who heads societies and snubs her husband?"

"Now, uncle, you stop laughing. No, I was reading that review you showed me on Thackeray's women, and I thought I should like to try being a heroine."

"Just to show them how, eh? Now, do you know, Effie, I think you have some of the requisite qualities."

"O, uncle, such an insignificant little thing as I am! Besides, there is no chance now-a-days to do anything heroic."

"I don't know that; there was some heroism required when, for the sake of having her mother comfortable, a little delicate child of fifteen left home and friends to go to an unknown uncle, who wrote a letter calculated to frighten a weak-minded person into hysterics."

"As if it required any sacrifice to live with you," said Effie, laughing, but blushing too.

"Oh, but you did not know that then."

"But, uncle, I want to do something grand."

"Be reduced to starvation, live in a garret, sew, and tend I don't know how many sick children and drunken husbands."

"Now, Uncle Charles!"

"What a pity you are only a good-looking girl in easy circumstances! Now if the hotel catches fire, I shall expect to see you in a white wrapper with your hair all flying, standing in a window, waiting for your hero to come and rescue you. A heroine, you know, is only half a heroine without a hero."

"Your plan won't do, for this room opens into mine, and I could run out on the balcony."

"Rush out, Effie; heroines never run."

"Rush out, then, dragging you by the hair of your head."

"You drag me, you wee mouse!"

"Well, Mr. Lion, I may do a mouse's service yet. Well, it is time to dress for the party."

"Hop! All these summer parties are hops."

"Well, I must hop off and dress."

"*A la heroine*," said her uncle, as she went out.

The room was brilliantly lighted when she returned to it, and her uncle was conversing with an old gentleman, who turned to greet the young girl instantly.

"And this is your niece?"

"Yes. Effie, let me introduce an old friend, my chum in college, who has just found us out."

"Our first meeting for over thirty years, Miss Marshall," said the "old friend" as he took her hand. "I found your uncle's name on the register, and could not let an hour pass without welcoming him back to the world."

"I am very glad he meets such a cordial greeting on the threshold," said Effie, warmly.

"He tells me that he has come out of his shell to introduce his niece; no light task, if young hearts are as susceptible as I feel old ones are."

The bright blush and smile thanked him, but Mr. Marshall said, in a low, laughing voice:—

"Is that the Oliver Twist expression, Effie?"

She only laughed, and then said:—

"This is my first real party; as a young lady, I mean; I can remember one when I was only a child to be neither seen nor heard."

"I hope you will not be cruel enough to keep up that idea now," said the old gentleman, hastily, and Effie again heard the laughing.

"O, Oliver, you succeeded," as she gave

her dress a little final shake, and drew on her gloves. She took the arm of her new friend, and her uncle followed, and so they entered the long ball-room.

It was Mr. Marshall's special request, and Effie honored it, that she should dress richly, and he trusted to her own taste not to overload her attire with jewels or finery. He silently congratulated himself as he looked at her now.

The rich dark hair was braided low on the neck, and touched her cheek as it swept back, and she had twisted in two pearl sprays which broke the glossy outline. Her dress, cut to show the round white arms and shoulders, was yet modestly high, and fitted her to perfection. It was of delicate blue silk, trimmed with soft white lace, and ornamented with the set of pearls which matched the sprays. From the delicate feather fan to the tiny satin slipper, every detail was finished and perfect, and her uncle smiled as he noted the pure gloves, soft handkerchief, and thought of his daisy and her boast of attention at *rehearsals*.

Our two smoking friends were the first who saw Effie enter the room.

"Now, George," said Will Wood, impatiently, "how can you pretend not to know Miss Marshall, when she is at this moment leaning on the arm of your own father?"

"I assure you I never saw her before. I must make my bow now, however; that expression in my father's smile means, come here this minute," and in another moment—

"My son, Mr. George Bancroft," was presented to Effie.

Who was she? It was whispered among the ladies, anxiously inquired by the gentlemen, and the answer did not diminish the admiration which her loveliness had already excited. The reputed heiress of the wealthy Mr. Marshall, who—the older folks said—made such an enormous fortune in China, was engaged, you remember, to Miss Leverett, and so on, and so on. And before the evening was over, little Effie found herself the reigning belle.

She was not awkward, nor yet bashful, yet there was in the manner of her new friend, George Bancroft, a gentle, courteous leading that broke the ice of her entrance into society most agreeably. His father had given up his guardianship with a hint that Effie was a *débutante*, and his son had taken the caution to heart. The brilliant brunette, Mrs. Wells, was introduced as my only sister, and a word from the old gentleman brought her, all smiles, to Mr. Marshall.

"You must let me see a great deal of your niece," she said, warmly. "I understand you are here alone, and when she wants any lady companion, remember I have the first choice;" and thus Effie found herself on the road to lady friends, and Mrs. Wells took good care that the list should include all the desirable ladies then at Newport.

CHAPTER VIII.

"MOTHER, Effie is here!"

"Here! Your uncle at Newport."

"True as preaching, and that's not the worst. She is the belle of the season with a reputed heiress-ship to, I don't know how many millions, wears pearls as big as walnuts, and diamonds like chandelier drops. Takes the lead in riding, dancing, and admiration, and, in fact, rules Newport."

"But, Laura, she *can't* be admired. A little, ugly, thin, ignorant child! It must be the money."

"I think it is very strange," said Laura, passionately tossing down a bouquet she had been arranging, "that you allowed *her* to take this chance of being heiress to our uncle."

"Now, Laura, who could suppose from his letter that he would bring Effie here?"

"Mother, I may as well say it! I was in Kate Wells' room this morning, and she says her brother has fallen in love with Effie," and a spiteful sob ended the sentence.

"Fallen in love with Effie!" cried Mrs. Marshall, aghast. "George Bancroft! Nonsense."

"But it is not nonsense. He rides, and boats, and dances, and sings, and in fact flirts with her from morning till night. His father and Uncle Charles, it appears, are old friends, and so he has the *entrée* to the private parlor at all hours, and they, uncle and Effie, I mean, brought their own horses, so they let him ride with them, and, to cut the matter short, he is desperately smitten."

"But, Laura, it will never do to despair. You were almost engaged to him a few weeks ago."

"He was certainly very attentive."

"And will be again. This is only a passing flirtation, depend upon it; and really, Laura,

opposed as I am to match-making, this is a chance you must not throw away. For station and wealth it is the best now open, and everybody speaks of his talents and unexceptionable morals."

"Then we will fight it out. After all, Effie has nothing but money, and George Bancroft is not a man to marry for that—I"—and a pleased look at the mirror completed the sentence.

"Let me see! let me see," said Mrs. Marshall, musingly, "I think, my dear, that we had better call. Your uncle will probably offer us the use of his carriage and horses, and there will be a new charm added if you are known as his niece; then, who knows, if he is so indulgent to that ugly little thing, what he may not do for my beautiful darling. Only remember this, sweet simplicity is the card to win him; he was long ago disgusted with fashionable life and its artificial attractions. Dear, dear, who would have supposed that he would open his heart in this way to Effie!" And the mother crossly muttered her regrets that she had not sent Laura in Effie's place.

A little time was given to retouching the morning dresses, and then Mrs. Marshall and Laura crossed the long entry to make their visit. Mr. Marshall was alone in the parlor, and answered their knock himself. His easy courtesy was proof against even this disagreeable surprise, and he welcomed his guests with politeness, scanning with a critical eye one of the beauties of whom Effie had so often spoken. Even his taste could find no fault. The tall graceful figure, in its flowing white morning-dress, was in every waving line beautiful; the large blue eyes, the full fair curls, exquisite complexion, and delicate features were without any blemish, but the soul which lit Effie's face, the ever-varying expression were wanting in this statuesque but, the word must come, insipid face.

"It is such an unexpected pleasure to meet you here," said Mrs. Marshall, sinking gracefully into a large chair, "and to embrace my dear child once more. You were cruel to a mother in not writing or allowing her to write in these three long years."

"The *cruelty* was most unintentional," said Mr. Marshall, with quiet irony.

"Laura, I am sure, is dying to embrace her sister," continued Mrs. Marshall; "there is but one year's difference in their ages, and as children they were inseparable. I assure you my dear sensitive child was inconsolable after her sister's departure."

"I regret, madam, to have carried affliction into the heart of your family," was the reply.

"But where is Effie?" said Laura.

"She has not yet returned from her ride. I was obliged to press a friend into service as her escort this morning, as I had some writing to attend to. I expect her here, however, every moment. When did you arrive?"

"Last night. I called as soon as I heard, from Mrs. Wells, that Effie was here. Mrs. Wells is an old friend of Laura's; in fact, I may say, as it is quite in the family, she looks upon her as a sister—almost. Mr. George Bancroft is Laura's most devoted suitor."

Somebody coming in at the door heard this. One quick throb, one moment of faintness, and Effie came forward. There was no time for thought. For the first time in her life she was folded in a warm, maternal embrace, while loving expressions, "Dear child! my darling Effie! my own sweet girl!" fell in profusion on her bewildered ear. Then came Laura's turn, and Mr. Marshall went to the window to hide the sarcastic curl of his lip, at this sudden deluge of affection poured upon the little heiress, for he fully appreciated the value of every kiss and embrace.

They were over at last, and Effie tossed her hat and gloves on the table, and sat down beside her uncle.

"Where is George?" inquired Mr. Marshall.

"He only came to the end of the passage, and then went back to speak to John about Hotspur; he is dull this morning."

"Who, George?"

"No, Hotspur! Oh, here he comes." And a quick, manly step came from the passage towards the door, and an instant later George Bancroft was in the room. Effie tried to be indifferent, but her eyes would look keenly into his face when he greeted Laura. She saw a polite look of pleasure, a courteous, cordial greeting, and then she forced herself to look away. Mutual explanations occupied some minutes, everyday chit-chat a few more, and then Mrs. Marshall rose to leave.

"Remember, Effie, our room is at the other end of the hall, and we must see you often."

George and Mr. Marshall both rose, but the old gentleman escorted the ladies to their room, receiving a most affectionate embrace from Laura at the door.

Once in the room the smile faded from the girl's lips, and a burst of passion came from them.

"Did you hear! did you see! George! and he privileged to ride with her, to express his tender anxieties about her fatigue—and, mother, did you see? She is beautiful! lovely! So small and fairy-like, with such large eyes! Not a giantess, like the rest of us!"

"Laura, be quiet!"

"Quiet! I am choking! It was bad enough to find that old hypocrite here, with his millions to gild her pedestal, but that she, the dark, yellow, scraggy little dwarf, should grow up to such exquisite beauty! Money, station, beauty, all for her, and now his love!"

"You are premature. They have only been here a few weeks."

"But he loves her. Did you see his eyes when her uncle remarked her paleness. I know how men look when their soul is thrown at a woman's feet, and I can see how his heart is wrapped up in her pale face or roses."

It was discussed in the hotel all day, the foreseen rivalry of the Misses Marshall. Laura had reigned supreme the previous season, but Effie had the charms of novelty and reputed wealth. Anxious eyes watched their entrance into the ball-room. It was late before either appeared, and then Laura was the first to come forward for admiration or criticism. She wore white, without gem or ornament. The soft lace fell in full folds from her faultless figure, and the snowy arms and neck mocked their whiteness. A few starry jessamines were twisted into the loose curls, and nothing could have been more lovely than this fair belle.

Effie was very late; so late, that some were ill-natured enough to hint that she dreaded the encounter. Poor little Effie; thoughts of her own beauty were far enough away from her heart, as she dressed for the ball. All day long she had panted for a moment of solitude, but she read to her uncle, played for him, and chatted till dinner time, and then Mrs. Wells insisted upon her company for a drive. There were guests to entertain when she returned, and now the maid must assist at her toilet. For once she gave no thought. Lisette arranged her hair as she would, and put a few diamond stars in the massy braids. The rich white silk with diamond brooch and bracelets, were donned without more than a passing glance at the mirror, and then mechanically taking her gloves and fan, Effie went into the parlor. She could hear George's voice there, and a sudden proud impulse sent the rich color to her cheeks, and a joyous gayety into her eyes. Never had her bright, sparkling wit been more brilliant, or her rippling laugh more frequent than on this evening. Dancing or conversing, the arch merriment was constant on her lip, the bright repartee ready to spring forth. Laura's statuesque beauty was eclipsed by the lively, varying expression, the high polish and cultivation of intelligence, the wondrous intellectual powers of her sister. The foreigners raved about her perfect accent and witty familiarity with their native languages, and all admired that flexible, musical voice which made a harmony of conversation.

It was all over! The long evening's strain of heart and brain was finished, and then in her own room, the young girl was at length alone. Alone, to nurse over that crushing sentence, to commune with her own heart.

George Bancroft her sister's suitor! Over the few weeks they had passed together, her thoughts travelled in a swift agony to ask that question so harrowing to a young, pure mind, had she given her love unsought? He had not actually made love to her, but he had spoken in a tone and with a manner that her heart told her were not those of a common acquaintance, or even a dear friend. Those walks and rides, the long conversations on the balcony, or hanging over the piano forte, could not be recalled without bringing with them the memory of low-spoken words of winning sweetness, of looks and tones, of sympathies and little confidences such as only lovers whisper. Could he be false? Was all his frank, manly manner, hypocrisy, his whole conduct a lie! She would forget him, banish him from her memory, ask her uncle to take her home, to hide her sore heart there. She would not love him! Too late! And as she lay with sleepless eyes and an aching, throbbing head, she owned, in weeping humiliation, that with the whole strength of her tender, loving heart she loved this man.

(Conclusion next month.)

—"It is an uncontroverted truth," says Dean Swift, "that no man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them.

THE FAMILY DRAWING MASTER.

IN A SERIES OF FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS.

LINES. (*Continued.*)

P. Do you remember the last drawing lesson?

Ion. *I* do, papa. "Whenever we make a line, we are to see if it is correct in length, breadth, shade, direction, and position."

P. Why are we to make our lines of the right length?

L. Because, if you do not, the thing you draw will have the wrong shape.

Ion. And you may spoil the shape of a thing by putting the lines in a wrong position. Suppose you were drawing a house—you might put the lines of the bedroom, parlor-window, and door close together.

L. Then they would certainly be in the wrong position.

Ion. And yet, you know, each line might be right in its direction and length. But you may spoil a drawing only by putting the lines a little in the wrong position.

L. The house in the drawing No. 5 (March number) was spoiled by the lines being in the wrong direction. They were "slanting," instead of straight.

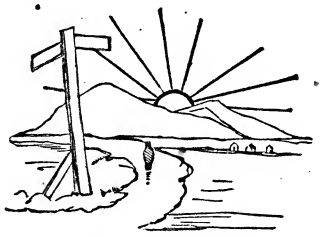
P. Now, tell me—how many points must you attend to, so that the object you draw may be of the right shape?

Ion. Three points. I can make a rule about it: When we draw an object, its shape will depend on the length, direction, and position of the lines.

L. I wonder why we must attend to the other two points—the shade of lines, and their thickness.

W. The shade and thickness of lines do not alter the shape of a thing; because an object will keep the same shape when you are drawing it, no matter how thick the lines are.

Ion. I know why we must attend to the shade of lines. See, here is a curious picture



which I drew last night, with lines of the wrong thickness.

W. Yes, the lines of the sun are too dark and thick.

Ion. Why should they not be dark?

W. Because, nearly always, things that are far off are not seen so clearly as things that are near, and should be drawn with lighter lines. I will tell you how the picture looks. It seems as if the man who drew it was close to the sun; and the post and things that would be near to us, were a long way off from him—in the distance.

Ion. Then, near objects should be drawn with dark lines, and distant objects with light lines. This is the rule I have made about it; The distance or nearness of an object we may draw depends on the shade and thickness of the lines.

L. You might have made the rule shorter. Instead of saying "the distance or nearness" of an object, you might have said the *position*; because you meant distant position and near position. I will now say the two rules in a shorter way: When drawing an object, its *shape* will depend on the length, direction, and position of the lines; and its *position* will depend on the thickness and shade of the line.

P. That is better, Lucy. We will now proceed with the next lesson, on straight lines. Let us talk, to-day, about their direction. What do you say of the direction of this line?

W. It is upright.

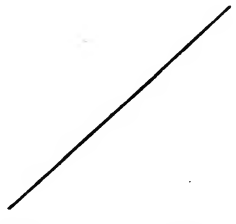
P. Here is a better word for you. Instead of saying upright, say *perpendicular*. What do you say of this one? ———

W. I say it is lying down—it is flat—straight—level.

P. Ah, you say too much at a time!

Ion. I say it is a flat line. I mean by that, it has the same direction as ground that is quite level, when water will not flow on it in one direction more than another.

P. A flat line would be a very good name for it—but the proper name is *horizontal*. Now make a line in another direction.



L. Here is one—it is a slanting line.

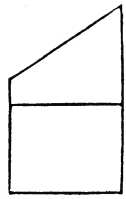
Ion. Yes, but that is a girl's name for it. Let us have its grown-up name, please.

P. Then call it *oblique.*

W. So lines have three directions—the perpendicular, horizontal, and oblique.

P. Find me something in this room which must be drawn with lines in these three directions.

Ion. This envelope-box. The side lines are perpendicular, the lid is oblique, and the lines



at the bottom of the box, and the bottom of the lid, where it separates from the box, are horizontal.

W. You said just now, Ion, that the lid was *oblique.*

Ion. But I meant only the *top* of the lid.

L. My copy-book has all three lines. The lines we write in are *horizontal*, the writing is *oblique*, and the sides of the book are *perpendicular.*

W. The letter A has oblique lines, and horizontal.

P. Find out all the letters in the alphabet which you can make with oblique and horizontal lines.

W. Here they are, papa. They are only the first and the last, A and Z.

P. Now find out all you can make with oblique and *perpendicular* lines.

L. I have found them, K M N Y.

P. Now show me all that are made with horizontal and perpendicular lines.

W. Here are five, E F H L T, and here are some *all oblique* lines—V W and X.

Ion. And here is one all in a perpendicular state—I.

L. The others belong to a different company. They have curved lines in them. See! B C D G J O P Q R S U.

P. We will now talk about *two straight lines.* Tell me what you observe in the direction of these lines—

W. They have exactly the same direction.

P. That is right; and if I wanted to make them meet each other, I should draw them out to a great length.

L. Then you would not do it, papa. If you were to keep on making them longer for an hour, and to draw them out at both ends, they would not meet.

Ion. But if you altered the direction of one of them only a very little, they would meet.

L. Oh, but they must be exactly in the same direction, and be straight from beginning to end!

W. Then they have no chance of meeting at all! For, of course, if they keep in the same direction, they must always keep at the same distance from each other, like the rails on a railroad. What are we to say of the lines, papa, when they are placed so?

P. You are to say that they are *parallel.*

W. I will make the rule about them: Two straight lines running in exactly the same direction can never meet, and are called parallel lines.

Ion. That will not do. I do not believe in that. Willie says that lines which have exactly the same direction cannot meet, and must be parallel. Now, look at these two lines—

W. Yes.

Ion. Yet, if you make them a little longer, they will soon meet. So, they are not parallel.

P. Willie was very near the truth. But we will leave off now. Suppose that you all try and find out, before the next lesson, how to tell me exactly what is meant by parallel lines.

NATURE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY W. S. EVERETT.

O NATURE! mild, and pure, and sweet,
Do thou conduct my willing feet
To where thy simple grace
My longing eyes may trace.
Oh let me guided be
In leading strings by thee.

Thy toils can never mortals tire;
Thy pleasures never can expire;
Oh let me ever rest,
Soft pillowed on thy breast;
My mother deign to be,
And make a child of me.

With thee I could from rise of day
With rapture e'en till nightfall stray;
With lover's pure delight
Still wander all the night;
Then let me wedded be,
Mine only love, to thee.

THE CONTENTED MIND.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

"So you 're home, again! Did you have a pleasant afternoon, Maria?" asked Aunt Martha, looking up from her knitting, and speaking in her mild, placid voice. Aunt Martha was the only occupant of the pleasant sitting-room, with its bright carpet, neat furniture, and cheerful coal fire, into which her niece, Mrs. Denning, entered from the keen outer air.

"Yes—that is, I accomplished the little shopping I had to do, and then made the calls for which I set out," was the answer, as Mrs. Denning sank in a low rocker by the grate and commenced untying her hat-strings.

"So you found your friends in, my dear?"

"All but Lou Henderson—and I met her on Washington Street going shopping, as usual. There 's no end to the money her husband allows her! Then I went up to the Winthrop House to see Kate Ashley. O Aunt Martha, she 's situated *splendidly!* Such an elegant suite of rooms, and a nurse to take care of little Eddie, and such a rich silk as she had on! And she showed me a set of pearls her husband gave her for a New Year's present, and a magnificent wrapper, and lots of other things! I declare, I did envy her! I had a long call there; and afterwards I went up to Ellen Landon's, and found her all settled in her elegant new house; I couldn't begin to tell you of its luxuries. But I couldn't help contrasting my lot with hers, and think how I live, beside my more fortunate friends!"

"Did they all seem *happy*, Maria?" asked Aunt Martha, quietly.

"*Happy!* of course! What 's to hinder?" replied Mrs. Denning, quickly. "Why, Kate Ashley showed me a new camel's hair shawl, two thirds border! *that* was a present, too, from her husband; and if Ellen Landon isn't happy in that palace, then I 'm greatly mistaken! While I sat there, I couldn't help contrasting her present style of living with that of her girlhood. They weren't exactly *poor*, you remember, Aunt Martha; but it *was* hard pinching to keep up their show of gentility; while, you know, *we* always had every comfort. But Ellen has succeeded so well in life! In fact, all my old girl-friends have married more eligibly than I!"

"An 'eligible' marriage is not always the happiest one, Maria," said Aunt Martha; "but here come the children!" and the way in which she turned to the little new-comers betokened that she was not sorry of an excuse to change the subject of conversation.

The door swung open to admit Master Willie, a roguish, brown-eyed, chubby little fellow of three; and Miss Fanny, blue-eyed and golden-haired, who had arrived at the dignity of her first term at school and six summers.

"Mamma! mamma! You know you said you 'd bring me *tandy!*" shouted the boy, bounding to his mother's side and tugging at her pocket.

"I declare, Willie, if I didn't forget it!" said the mother. "But don't cry, dear! You shall have the biggest lump of sugar. Go ask Margaret to give it to you!"

The little fellow's bright face fell, and the rosy lips were put up for a genuine cry. "But *sooger* isn't *tandy!* And you said you 'd bring me some!" he persisted.

"Don't tease me, child!" exclaimed the mother, peevishly. "I 'm tired enough, without having you worrying me the moment I come into the house. Go to Margaret, I say! I 'll remember next time."

"Yes, Willie, go ask Margaret for a big lump. Candy is sugar, you know," said little Fanny, a *bona fide* peace-maker. "Be you *real* tired, mother?" she asked affectionately. "Then let me carry your bonnet and cloak off up stairs for you! See, mother; your muff is just big enough for me, and I 'm just big enough to carry away your things when you are tired!" and, with deft handiness, the little maiden tripped from the room with her burden.

"That muff and tippet—I am glad to get them out of my sight!" said Mrs. Denning, fretfully, after Fanny had disappeared with the offending articles of wear. "Such an elegant set of sables as Louise Henderson had on to-day! they never cost less than three hundred! Mine looked so mean beside hers!

Everybody has sables now! How cold my feet are!" putting them up on the grate. "Ellen Landon's house is warmed throughout with a furnace. It 's just like summer in her rooms. Oh dear! *Some* people are born to good luck! Can that be Albert? Is it tea time?"

"It is just six," replied Aunt Martha, looking up through her spectacles to the pretty clock on the mantel. "The days are very short this cold weather, my dear."

Albert Denning entered—a manly, brown-eyed, handsome-featured young man of about thirty; with that frank, open expression on his face that betokened a sunny nature, warm heart, and amiable disposition.

"Well, Maria, I heard of you this afternoon! Was coming from Milk Street into Washington, and met your friend, Mrs. Henderson, who had just seen you. Splendid afternoon, wasn't it? Washington Street crowded with ladies. Glad they 're going to abolish *crinoline*, for it 'll give a man a chance on these slippery sidewalks. Ah, Willie, boy! what 's that pout on your lips for?" for, just then, the little fellow, who hadn't yet recovered from his disappointment, put in his head from the hall, after his banishment to the dining-room and Margaret. "What 's the matter, my son?"

"Nossing, papa, only mamma didn't bring me home no tandy!" burst forth the child, each word coming thicker and louder in a gusty sob.

"Well, well! Be a man, and don't cry for that! Maybe papa has got something for his boy that 'll offset all the candy! Let 's go and rummage his pockets!" and catching up the little fellow, and tossing him to the ceiling, he bore him to the hall, where he extricated from his overcoat a handsome new rubber-ball. "There! that 's a bouncer! only be careful of mother's mirrors and Aunt Martha's spectacles! Now, let 's go down to supper!" as the sound of the tea-bell came from the dining-room.

"You see, Albert, that the afternoons are so short one cannot accomplish *everything!*" said Mrs. Denning to her husband, as they seated themselves at table.

"Who did you see? Everybody in, or out, as Mrs. Henderson was, this splendid weather?" he asked.

Mrs. Denning's reply was but the prelude to the same strain of remarks she had delivered to Aunt Martha in the sitting-room—a repertoire of the elegant establishments, dresses, and jewels of her more wealthy and fashionable friends; failing not to close with the usual comments on her own less-favored condition. Her husband's question had been put with the utmost good-humor; but, as he listened, his brow grew clouded, his sunny smile vanished, and a hard, bitter expression came to his lips. He finished his meal in silence; then pushed back his chair, and left for his store, with only his customary "good-night" in a constrained tone.

Mrs. Denning did not finish her conversation (if it might be called conversation, in which she had it all to herself) with her supper, but followed Aunt Martha to the sitting-room, where, after Master Willie was dispatched to his crib hugging his new rubber-ball, and Fanny also kissed them a "good-night," and took her doll with her to her pillow, she again took up her refrain.

Could a stranger have listened to her plaints, and observed the fretful, unhappy expression that marred her really pretty face, such would have concluded that Maria Denning had no blessings in her daily life for which she ought to render thankfulness, no kind husband, no affectionate children, no comfortable home; but the two guests—Discontent and Envy—whom she had invited to her heart, were infusing their poison, and warping all her good to evil.

Good old Aunt Martha sat silent; her placid, benevolent eyes, bent steadily on her knitting, but a sad, pained expression on her lips. It was not the first time she had listened to her niece's complaints. For a long time this spirit of discontent had been gaining the ascendency over Maria Denning's mind; and the good, sensible old lady, who made one in the household of the orphaned niece she had reared, had often combated her complaints with sound arguments on her folly, which were lightly thrust aside by Maria's nimble tongue and determined disposition. But never had she expressed herself so openly discontented with her own lot, as after this series of visits to those old girl-friends who had all married above her own social position. Yet Aunt Martha sat silent, knitting away with unceasing diligence.

"I suppose you don't think my talk worth an answer," said Mrs. Denning at last. "You don't say anything!"

"I was thinking, my dear, what a pity it was you married Albert," said the old lady drily.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Maria. "You know I've no fault to find with my husband; and I'm sure I *try* hard enough to be contented with my life—but it does seem as if good was distributed unequally, when I see others enjoy so much, and I so little!"

"What do you mean by your enjoying so little, Maria?" was the placid query.

"Why, I should think *that* a needless question, after all I've told you!" was the impatient answer.

"Perhaps 'twould be as well, then to look at the bright side of the picture, and number up the causes you have to contribute to your happiness," said Aunt Martha, pausing in her knitting, and adjusting her glasses. "To commence, you have a kind husband—"

"I say again, I never uttered a word against Albert!" cried Mrs. Denning.

Aunt Martha could not repress a smile at the poor logic of the wife, who never supposed that, in every murmur she indulged against her lot, she sent a barbed arrow to her husband's heart; but she refrained from comment.

"Two healthy, pretty, affectionate, intelligent children," she went on.

"Certainly! Fanny and Willie are the best children I know of!" exclaimed the mother, in a tone of maternal triumph.

"A pleasant home without undue cares; for a faithful servant relieves you of these burdens," pursued the good old lady.

"Oh, I am thankful, of course, for all things I have, as far as they go; but you don't want to understand me, Aunt Martha, when I say that I should like to live as Kate Ashley, or Lou Henderson, or Ellen Landon does!" impatiently exclaimed Mrs. Denning.

"Then what you lack to complete your happiness, is a fine house, a train of servants, rich dress and jewelry, a carriage and horses, and the luxuries wealth can bring. You think with these, you would be happy, Maria?"

"'Think!' I *know* I should, Aunt Martha!" was the emphatic answer. "Why not I, as well as other people?"

"Are you sure that the friends you have visited this afternoon are happy, Maria?"

"What a question, Aunt Martha! Why shouldn't they be?" said Mrs. Denning, in a surprised, incredulous tone.

"Ellen Landon has no children. Don't you think she would be a happier woman to-night, if a bright-eyed boy, or rosy-cheeked girl, like your Willie or Fanny, could come and put up their lips for a good-night kiss before they went off to their beds?" asked Aunt Martha, in a gentle voice.

For a moment Mrs. Denning was softened. Any woman, far more warped than she, would have been. "I *do* think Ellen would give a great deal for a boy like my Willie, though she never confessed as much to me," was the reply. "But there 's Kate Ashley, Aunt Martha! Everybody admires her little Eddie. He 's handsome as a picture; and she keeps him dressed so beautifully in his embroidered frocks, that he 's the pet of the hotel, and strangers always stop to notice him when the nurse has him out on the common! And Lou Henderson, too! with money at her command, and a husband who never denies her a wish, she must be happy!"

"You forget, niece," said Aunt Martha, gravely, "that report says that Mr. Henderson denies himself no indulgence either."

"Nonsense, Aunt Martha! I don't believe all the idle gossip. And, if Mr. Henderson *does* take too much wine at a fashionable supper now and then, it 's no more than most gentlemen of his standing do."

"Would you be willing to excuse it in Albert?" asked Aunt Martha.

"That isn't a pertinent question, aunt! You know Albert is downright total abstinent!" was the reply, in a tone of triumph.

"And you cannot be too thankful for that, Maria," said the good old lady, fervently. "But I was only supposing the case. Imagine how a wife must feel, if her husband comes home to her under the influence of intoxicating liquors, and be sure, my dear, that the man who contracts a taste for wine never pauses till he learns to love stronger beverages. How, then, can Louise Henderson, looking into her future, be so perfectly happy as you seem to imagine her?"

"Well, Lou don't look as though she worried much!" was the reply in an evasive tone.

"Perhaps not. I have often thought hers was not one of those natures that would ever feel keenly; and besides, she is gay, fashion-loving, and would let the world go easy with her so long as her tastes and habits were

indulged. But if ever a day should come, when by the united extravagant expenditures of herself and husband their fortunes should be brought low—or his habit would fasten upon him—then, be sure, Maria, that she would look back upon her present life as just the course she should not have pursued!"

Aunt Martha's excellent reasoning would have convinced any woman who did not wilfully blind herself to the truth. But Maria Denning only shrugged her shoulders, and said:—

"What a doleful picture you have conjured, aunt! I see that you are bent on proving the truth of the old saying of 'the skeleton in every house.' But, after all, I'm not convinced but, if I had some of Lou's wealth, or Ellen Landon's splendid house, or Kate Ashley's camel's hair shawl, I should enjoy life a great deal better."

"But, since you have neither, would it not be the wisest course—and insure you the most happiness—to cease fruitless repinings, and be thankful for the many blessings you *do* enjoy? The 'contented mind' brings its own feast along with it, you know, it is said," was the excellent answer of her aunt.

"Well, I don't know as it's of any use our discussing the subject," said Mrs. Denning, who, like many another, when likely to be convinced, prudently retired from the field. "I'm much obliged to you for your advice—and I'm thankful, I'm sure, for everything I have; but we see things in such a different light, that we never shall assimilate in our way of thinking. What *some* would sit down contented with, would only incite others to be more ambitious; and I never can be tame or humdrum, or, like Uriah Heep, very humble!"

A little flush swept over good old Aunt Martha's cheek; but, reflecting that her niece did not intend the disrespect which her words would seem to imply, and inly putting up a prayer that she might be brought to see the folly of the disposition she was cherishing, she closed her lips with a grave expression, and continued her knitting in silence.

A year glided by; and, during that period, the miserable, unhappy spirit of discontent had become the most cherished guest of Maria Denning's heart, its guest and master too, holding entire sway therein.

Her home—numbering the same members—her kind, upright, diligent husband, her affectionate children, and benevolent-hearted, placid-featured Aunt Martha—was a home no longer save in name. Not that neglect became apparent in disorderly apartments, untidy apparel, or ill-served food, for Mrs. Denning possessed, naturally, habits of neatness and a sense of native refinement which would have been shocked by careless or slatternly surroundings; but there are other requirements besides mere physical comforts embodied in the good old Saxon word "home," and a woman may be a "house-mother" in the most practical acceptation of the term, and yet fail to render the little sphere that comes under her sway a haven and a blessed refuge to her family.

It was the evil spirit, discontent, brooding there, and flinging the shadow of its sombre wing over all that darkened the whole moral atmosphere, and transformed the sunlight into gloom. It was discontent that added line after line to the faded, fretful face of Maria Denning, and rendered her a peevish, fault-finding wife, and an unhappy mother.

If a new article of clothing was added to her own or the children's wardrobe, it was contrasted with the more costly apparel of her wealthier friends; the house was voted small, inconvenient, and the neat furniture compared with the elegant upholstery of her friends' mansions; the plain china ware was depreciated, and a sigh given for Mrs. Landon's massive silver service; all her home comforts were underrated and those of others unduly magnified.

It cannot be supposed but that this state of affairs produced their legitimate effect on every member of the household. The children—naturally roguish, frolicsome, and exuberant in gayety and spirits, as all healthy children are, or ought to be—were depressed into silence by a look into their mamma's unhappy face or by her fretful exclamations; good old Aunt Martha grew quieter and graver than ever, and sighed often over her knitting-work, having given over all debates upon the subject her niece occasionally brought up from force of habit; and Albert Denning—no longer the frank, boyish-hearted, sunny-tempered husband of his early wedded years—had gradually changed into a moody, taciturn, morose man.

With most exquisite sorrow had Aunt Martha observed this change in Maria's hus-

band. It was a delicate task for her to speak upon his domestic affairs, and for a long time she refrained; but when she saw him nightly absenting himself from home, and spending otherwhere the hours he had formerly passed at his own fireside after his business duties were over, a vague alarm took possession of her heart, and one day she ventured to broach the subject.

Albert Denning replied with impetuous burst of feeling.

"Aunt Martha, for God's sake, what can a man, situated as I am, do but keep away as much as possible from a home like this? You see how it is. I have tried, hard as ever man tried, to make Maria a happy woman; but I have found that an impossibility, and am about discouraged! She is discontented with everything I do for her, and is constantly contrasting her lot with that of wives of men who either inherited more money than I, or have acquired more in business speculations. I verily believe she regrets that she married me. So don't ask me to stay at home evenings! A man won't meet fretful speeches and unhappy looks when he can find pleasanter company!"

"Albert Denning"—and Aunt Martha spoke sympathizingly, but with grave, firm voice—"I cannot tell you how often I've remonstrated with Maria on the subject. But you must remember that, if your wife is misguided, you have two young children to look up to you for guidance; and for their sake, at least, you should not be led into absenting yourself from home and spending your evenings at resorts where you would not wish your friends to meet you."

"Oh don't be alarmed, good Aunt Martha!" said Denning, with a laugh that covered a sob. "The children—I *do* love my boy and girl, and they shall never know a want while I can earn a dollar! but they 're safe in your care, I know. But you may tell Maria that she 's long been coveting some of her friend Louise Henderson's *luxuries*—and I *may* gratify her, before she knows it, by presenting her with a pattern of Louise's husband!"

These words were hurled out defiantly, recklessly; and he looked with a strange meaning smile and a mocking laugh into Aunt Martha's eyes.

"Albert Denning, what do you mean? I have appealed to your affection as a father—I now appeal to your duty to your Maker. Do not stand there and tell me that you are one of Philip Henderson's boon companions!" Aunt Martha's words were stern as the decree of a judge to a criminal. "It cannot be!" she added; and this sentence was in a totally different voice, trembling with tears.

When Albert Denning next spoke, his tone, too, was altered. It was no longer reckless or defiant, but pitifully despairing, and breathing of a strong man's agony.

"Aunt Martha, forgive me, and don't judge me too harshly! But you don't know how a man must suffer before he is driven to desperation. I have been with Henderson and a party of his friends often of late; but here, on the honor of a man who never yet forfeited his word, I give you my promise that—however complete the wreck of my domestic happiness—I will never touch the wine-cup again! Sometimes I have thought it might be better for Maria and I to separate, rather than live this sort of life; but, for my children's sake, I will try and bear it a little longer."

"Has it come to this?" murmured Aunt Martha, sadly, when alone again. "Oh, if Maria could only see what her folly is doing! If she could realize! But she must know it! her eyes must be opened! I will talk plainly and faithfully to her this very night, nor will I keep back one word that Albert has said."

But the plans of the All-Wise Disposer of events had been working to their fulfilment, and good old Aunt Martha was saved her self-imposed task. That very evening, on which she had proposed remonstrating faithfully with her niece, Albert Denning was brought home from his store smitten with sudden illness. His limbs throbbed with violent pains, and a raging headache almost drove him frantic. Dizzy and blinded, he groped his way to his chamber, and sank upon the bed.

Maria was greatly alarmed, and speedily summoned their physician. After some little time with the sick man, the doctor gave his opinion. "Your husband has strong symptoms of brain fever, Mrs. Denning, which I will endeavor to counteract and break up, if possible."

On the following day, the verdict came. "The fever has gained too strong a hold to be broken up, and probably had been settled for several days before your husband gave up. It must have been induced by some strong mental excitement or seated anxiety.

Everything depends upon good care and perfect quiet."

Roused from her dream of folly, Maria Denning reproached herself with her neglect toward her husband. "Why did I not notice that he was ill? O Aunt Martha, if he should be taken from me! I could not bear it! How he must suffer! hear his moans!"

Days followed, during which Mr. Denning was wildly delirious, as he had been from the first morning after his confinement to the sick chamber; and, during this period, his wife gained the clue to his illness in the broken exclamations that fell from his lips. Now he reproached her with her peevishness which had made his home miserable—now he wildly denounced her, and raved of a separation—and anon he piteously entreated her to be to him the same tender wife of their earlier married years. And sometimes he laughed mockingly, and called for the red wine-cup to drown his sorrow; familiarly naming Philip Henderson and other gay companions in the same breath.

The sick man's wife—thoroughly awakened by the shock—hovered constantly about his couch. Her hands were ever eager to minister to his wants; her mien was quiet and collected, after the first burst of feeling; but her pale face and anxious eye told a story of intense inward suffering. Aunt Martha felt that, to have spoken of his conversation then, would be cruel; and so, without reference to the past beyond what was gathered from the delirious revelations of the sufferer, they shared the duties of the sick-room together. What if Aunt Martha did not reveal the knowledge that was in her heart, she sent up many a prayer that the chastening hand, laid so heavily on her niece, might not fail of a salutary effect.

Two weeks passed, and then Albert Denning lay, pale, weak, exhausted, and helpless as an infant upon his pillows. Scarcely the breath of life fluttered on his lips. It was a time of intense agony to the wife; and she hung upon the words of the skilful physician as though her heart-strings would snap asunder if he bade her despair. But hope came, and with it the sweet tears gushed into her eyes. "Your husband will live, Mrs. Denning. The crisis is passed, and now, more depends upon the nurse than the doctor. I shall leave him in your hands."

"Thank God!" It was all Maria Denning could trust herself to utter; but the burden of a full heart was lifted in that grateful aspiration.

In three weeks more the invalid was fast convalescing, and the children were daily admitted to his room, jubilant with delight to find "their own dear papa getting well again."

"And mother, too, is ever so much prettier than she used to be," said little Fanny, confidentially, one day to Aunt Martha—"and she 's *good all the time!* Maybe that 's what makes her pretty, aunt—because she 's *good!*" It was a child's comment, but a significant one, the good old lady thought; whose notice, also, the fact little Fanny had remarked had not escaped.

What explanations occurred between the wife and husband, in those long, quiet days of convalescence, when Maria found her whole joy in proving that her wifely love was the uppermost sentiment of her nature, Aunt Martha never knew; but she drew her own conclusions from the perfectly unrestrained and happy intercourse of feeling which was now fully re-established between them.

Nor did this happy result fade away when Mr. Denning was restored to his customary health and business cares, and his wife returned to her household duties. The change was lasting; the cure, deep, effectual, abiding.

Only once, looking up from her sewing with serious air and tearful eyes, Maria Denning said, earnestly, "Aunt Martha, I can realize *now* what you meant by 'the contented mind!'"

STANZAS TO ———.

BY A. G. P.

Oh when thy thoughts are sweetest,
When moments fly the fleetest,
At some dear sunset hour;
When softly birds are singing,
And eve a shade is flinging
On every tree and flower;

When, o'er thy spirit stealing,
There comes a holy feeling,
Like some sweet dream of heaven;
When ties of love feel stronger,
And foes are foes no longer,
But in thy heart forgiven—

Oh then, while fancy traces
The well-remembered faces
Of friends now far from thee,
Wilt thou, my faults forgetting,
And but my loss regretting,
Give one sweet thought to me?

A FEW FRIENDS.

BY KORMAH LYNN.

THERE are few refined agonies keener than the sufferings of an hostess who, either in the fulness of her heart or from some conventional necessity, has invited a few friends to spend a social evening at her house, and sees them at last sitting in dismal semi-circle as a result. What can she do? In the first place (as in the case of my friend Mrs. Smith on a certain occasion), while she was busied in receiving the first avalanche of guests there was no time, of course, to settle them in congenial drifts of sympathetic groupings; and when she finally turns, in a moment of leisure, to survey the party, she sees with horror that they have disposed themselves in a "cold spread" around the edges of the room, precisely the wrong people sitting side by side, all with ghastly smiles upon their faces, not knowing what to do or say. Dancing won't do; she has hired no music, and besides, half of them, she is well aware, "never dance." Mr. Pipes may sing after awhile, and Miss Pundaway may play upon the piano, but it is too soon to ask them yet. Far off in the corner she has spied some daring young chevalier take her photograph album from the *étargère* for the benefit of a sarcastic looking young woman in *moiré antique*. Their heads bend over it together, and as they mumble and turn the leaves and smirk, she knows that her best friends, her mother, her sister Sue, and even her own dear little Bobby are catching it most unmercifully. But that is slight torture compared with the emotion with which, after spasmodic attempts to redivide the company, and animate them with something like interest in the occasion, she is compelled to take unto herself the galling conviction that the whole affair is a failure: that, in fact, there are too many for conversation, and too few for promenading or grand scale proceedings generally. Besides, she has laid such stress in her invitations upon the affair being so *very* informal and social, a very frolic, in short; and here are the victims all sitting like chief mourners at a funeral, without even the solacing prospect of a "wake." What is to be done?

All at once her factotum, her intelligent friend—large-hearted and clear-brained—who has taught school a little, and read human nature a great deal, nudges her rather sharply and says—in a polite mumbled undertone, which no third party can overhear, and yet cannot be called a whisper even by the most pragmatical—

"Eliza, are you going to sleep? Why don't you do something?"

"I can't, Anna," groans Eliza, dismally, in the same style. "Did you ever see such sticks? Look at Ben Stykes, nearly hidden away in the corner! He would make some fun if he were not pinioned down by that Mrs. Allfat. I do wish either you, he, or Mary Gliddon would get up something to start them."

The aide-de-camp is good natured and energetic. In a moment, Ben Stykes, Mary Gliddon and Anna are holding a consultation together. Suddenly, Ben walks solemnly forward towards the centre of the parlor, with his handkerchief pressed nervously to his eyes. Pausing he jerks away the handkerchief, and, after looking despairingly about him, sobs out:—

"Ladies and gentlemen" (for an instant his feelings overcome him, but after desperately wiping away a few quarts of imaginary tears he resumes)—"Ladies and gentlemen, feeling that for the past half hour we have, by severe discipline and sober self-communion, done full justice to this solemn occasion" (handkerchief again) "I beg to propose that we proceed to enjoy ourselves."

The effect was electric. Every eye had been turned in astonishment upon the speaker, and now, at the denouement, a ripple of laughter ran through the company as it thawed under Ben's genial tone.

"What shall it be, my friends—what shall it be?" he continued, swaying his body from side to side in the earnestness of his declamation. "I would sing, but, alas, my voice is fractured! not only cracked, but positively demolished—gone with my lost youth" (Ben looked twenty-five)! "I would play, but careless parents gave me marbles in youth instead of a piano. I would dance, but"

(bowing to half a dozen ladies) "I am dazzled and cannot choose a partner. I would attempt conversation, but silence has invaded the hall of the Smiths, and I might not receive any answers. I would even sleep, but our sweet hostess has aroused me. Again I appeal to you, men and women of America, true loyal citizens as I believe you to be, what are we to do?" (Here Ben's fist came down with great force upon an imaginary rostrum.) "I pause for a reply."

At this point a portly gentleman arose, amid the applause and laughter of the company, and moved that Mr. Pipes should "sing something."

Movement seconded and carried unanimously.

Mr. Pipes blushed scarlet, assuring the company that, in consequence of a throat difficulty, he had not sung for months, and must beg to be excused; topping off his peroration with a pathetic cough, which penetrated the assembled hearts.

Portly gentleman on the floor again.

"Since our dear brother is so sorely afflicted, I move that Miss Pundaway be conducted to the piana-forte."

Theoretically, Miss Pundaway shrank and resisted, but practically allowed herself to be led to the instrument by Ben.

Never did any beast of the forest in the strength of its roar, nor any bird of the air in the volubility of its strain, equal the sounds emitted by that rosewood quadruped under the delicate fingers of Miss Pundaway, who thus banged and whizzed into the company a general idea of the way in which Moses is supposed to have journeyed out of Egypt—drowning the Egyptians in the bass in fine style, murdering Thalberg at the same time.

After this Miss Apogiatura was induced to favor the company with a little thing from "Ernani;" and finally even Mr. Pipes's voice rang through the room, triumphant over the slight "throat difficulty" aforesaid.

All went on well for a time until, alas, the *répertoires* of the musicians were exhausted, and a silence again pervaded the room as gloomy as that which fell upon "Scudder's Balcony" at the approach of a shower (see Halleck). Evidently the motion of the portly gentleman was, in one sense, a failure. The company were not tuneful generally, and the occasion was not to be turned by any artifice into a *soirée musicale*.

But the irrepressible Ben was once more in possession of the floor.

"My friends," said he, "a lady member, too timid to speak for herself, has requested that we all descend from our high estate and stoop to the game of 'MUSEUM.' Is the motion seconded?"

"Seconded!" responded the portly gentleman in a stentorian voice.

"Ladies and gentlemen, my motion is seconded; those in favor of carrying out the resolution will please signify by saying 'Aye!' contrary, 'No!' Ayes have it—the motion is carried."

Thereupon Ben, having appointed an accomplice, glowered upon the long semicircle, and told them that they were a collection of curiosities—that he intended to sell them one by one to his friend Jones, and that the fact of the "article under negotiation *smiling* during the sale would render him or her liable to a forfeit." Preliminaries being thus agreed upon, Ben and Mr. Jones walked up to a gentleman sitting at one end of the row. Covering his victim's face with a handkerchief for a few seconds to enable him to summon the requisite gravity, Ben commenced:—

"Mr. Jones, I flatter myself that the collection of curiosities and antiquities to which I am about to call your attention is unequalled in extent and variety by any other in the country. Here, for instance" (uncovering the solemn countenance), "is the celebrated mummy of Cheops, brought from Egypt at an enormous cost originally as a plaything for one of President Lincoln's children; but the little fellow being frightened by the expression of its hideous countenance, it was sold at auc—" Here the mummy burst into a laugh, and was "sold" accordingly, the bargain being "clinched" by a forfeit.

The next in turn was a beautiful Boston girl, who blushed crimson when the handkerchief was cast over her face.

"This," said Ben, tenderly (uncovering the "specimen" as he spoke), is a rare and lovely flower, recently imported from the East. It has bloomed but for a few summers" (ah, gallant Ben!), "and if you will but regard it attentively, sir, you will admit that it is one of the most beautiful of *two lips*."

The damsel smiled at this, of course; and Ben passed on, taking in two ladies who sat together, one of them holding Mrs. Smith's little Bobby upon her knee.

"There, sir," he exclaimed, triumphantly, snatching the handkerchiefs from their faces, "if there are a finer pair of candlesticks on this continent than these, *I* have not yet seen them; you shall have them, sir, for less than cost, say fifty dollars for the two—and" (lifting up the head of the frightened boy) "I will throw in the *snuffers* for nothing."

This allusion to poor Bobby of course upset the gravity of the before imperturbable candlesticks, and Ben took up the next article in his collection, who, being a jolly young Irishman, was "sold" as a fragment of the celebrated blarney stone. The next was described as "the skull of Oliver Cromwell at the age of twelve." The next (a youth who was known to have recently engaged himself to a charming young lady seated near him) was "the heart of Gibbs the pirate." The next was "the last man found in the *last ditch*." The next (a pretty girl) was "the female hero of the nineteenth century, who had actually taken the very hearts one by one from all her hundred slaves;" and so on, until all the party, with but few exceptions, were disposed of. Those who had not laughed were pronounced to be unsalable, and had the privilege of forming a committee among themselves to decide what Ben was to "do" to expiate the insults he had heaped upon them; as may be supposed, Ben was not let off very easily.

By this time sociability prevailed, the agony of the hostess was over, and with a grateful heart she saw her visitors led by the indefatigable Ben through the delights of "The Eye Game," "Yes and No," "The Catch-me-quick" proverb game, and "Dumb Orator," to say nothing of the genial flow of conversation that, once started, rippled its way among the company, causing the whole affair (figuratively speaking) to go off swimmingly.

In short, the guests were so delighted with themselves and with each other that they mutually resolved then and there to meet once a fortnight for the rest of the season.

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS IN GERMANY.

(*Extract from a letter.*)

I was present at a German marriage one day this week, and it may be interesting to your fair readers to know how these matters are managed. The ceremony was according to the rites of the Lutheran Church, and took place not in a church, but in the house of the father of the bride. The day before the civil contract was signed in presence of the city municipal representatives, and the signing of the formal declaration of the two persons, attested by witnesses, is, according to the Prussian law, a legal marriage. It does not even require the religious confirmation, but of course with the German Protestants this is never dispensed with. After the signing of the contract there was a small family dinner, in which the newly-united couple, in the civil sense, had the usual honors of congratulation; but on the same evening—that is, the day before the marriage service—there was a ball, fully and fashionably attended by leading families in Cologne. There were some specialities about the ball worthy of record. In the first place, the band (a first and a second violin, a tenor, a clarionet, and a bass) was concealed by a kind of bower of plants placed in pots; it was, in fact, a complete screen, behind which I took the liberty of peeping, and found an ample supply of cakes and wine for the players. The ball was opened with a Polonaise, in which all the company coupled, marched in and out a fine suite of rooms, and performed divers military manœuvres preparatory to the refreshments *à la Russe*. Waltzes abounded, galops were sparing, quadrilles frequent. The old as well as young danced, being only a question of degree; the elders discoursed most eloquent music in one of the rooms as to the qualities of divers choice wines—those of the Moselle predominating. But then the refreshments to English eyes appeared the most singular. A regular Italian fish-salad (herrings) well acidulated, oiled, and garlicked, was served in shells, at times handed round with glasses of wine and slices of brown bread. Then, at a later period, came "bouillons" in large cups, whilst on the regular tables were slices of tongue, ham, veal, and the inevitable sausage. These soldeds were eaten with rolls cut in two, each consumer making his own sandwich. Ices were also served; but the Italian salad seemed to hit most the popular taste. The ball was kept up till nearly three, the civilly-contracted couple remaining to the last. On the marriage day the company in full evening dress assembled in the ground-floor of one of the best houses in Cologne. An altar had been erected, a table on a raised platform, and on the former were a small crucifix and

two ordinary parlor candlesticks. On a plate on the altar were two rings. On each side of this altar were rows of small trees, plants, flowers, etc. Before the altar a rich carpet was spread, and on which was placed, for the couple to kneel, a rug worked by one of the bride's fair friends. The arrangement of the relations and friends differed from our mode; on the two sides were all the ladies together, grouped nearest the altar, and the gentlemen stood massed together below the fair and favored circle. At nearly one o'clock the clergyman entered with his vicar from an anteroom, and stood on the altar; before him were the civilly married, who entered without procession of best friend and bridesmaids. The pastor (the Rev. Dr. Grüneisen, of Stuttgard, one of the most celebrated preachers of the German Lutheran Church) then delivered a sermon or exhortation based on a text from the Bible. He addressed each one of the affianced separately, and a more eloquent and powerful discourse I never listened to, bringing tears into the eyes of all the auditory. What rendered it more touching was that it was his own son, Auguste Grüneisen, of Rome, who was the betrothed—the lady was Clara Cramer, the daughter of a distinguished retired advocate. After the sermon was over, prayers were read, the coupling, the joining together was almost as in the English Church, but there was this exceptional incident, that there are two rings, one for the husband and one for the wife, each presenting the other with the signet of union. Moreover, to the couple was presented a copy of the Bible. The bride was dressed in a rich white silk dress with long lace veil, the hair dressed with orange blossoms, myrtles, etc. She had a superb bouquet of the choicest flowers and smallest plants, remarkably well disposed as to colors. It may be added that she is handsome, amiable, and rich. Happy Auguste! When the ceremonial was ended, at which, by the way, the pastor of the parish was also present and "assisted," as also the Rev. Mr. Edward Grüneisen, son of the Hoffrediker of Stuttgard, and recently nominated his vicar, or, as we should say, curate, there was a general embracing of relatives and friends, and then the party adjourned to the drawing-room, where a splendid banquet was served, combining every luxury in the way of game, a wild-boar's head figuring as a centre bit; fish of the Rhine and beyond the Rhine, entrees, hors d'œuvres, confitures, poultry, dessert of the rarest kind, etc. etc. The banquet lasted upwards of four hours, the family toasts being first given, and then the guests proposing some health, without any organization, the speaker simply tapping his glass to command attention. The place of honor was assigned to a venerable lady in her 77th year, the mother of the father of the bride. It was pleasing to see the affectionate interest with which she was regarded, and also to remark that she was in the full possession of her faculties. The married couple left for Rome at an early hour, and after a promenade in the gardens of the house, coffee being served in the open air, some dancing of the young ladies and gentlemen who were unmarried finished the day's festivities before ten o'clock. One curious and interesting feature of the banquet was, that telegrams were received from time to time, from all parts of Germany, and one from Rome, which reached Cologne in less than four hours, and these congratulatory telegrams were read aloud to the company. Between fifty and sixty persons sat down to dinner, chiefly relatives and near friends, many coming from long distances to be present. The Germans are most affectionate in their domestic relations. There was a simplicity of manners almost amounting to primitiveness, which reminded one of the family gatherings of old, wherein heartiness and genuineness reign in the place of frigidity and formality.

STARLIGHT.

BY A. Z.

STARLIGHT in the heavens,
Starlight in the sea,
Are something more than starlight
Unto me, unto me.
On the jewel-studded azure,
In the deep and boundless air,
Angels are always singing,
Always shining there;
And the mirror of the ocean.
Is a mirror bright and rare.

There are very many faces,
Many forms that I have seen,
Moving in that boundless avenue,
In robes of snowy sheen.
When I look down in the ocean,
Still and blue, still and blue,
Another shining Paradise
Is beaming on my view;
And it seems like we were floating
In the air between the two.

A GHOST STORY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY MRS. ANNIE T. WOOD.

In 1839, I had hired at Verrieres, a charming village coquettishly situated midway on one of the wooded slopes of the forest which bears its name, a simple cottage where I designed to spend the summer with my wife and presumptive heir, a pretty and plump boy of a year old, raised in the country, and who, thanks to the fresh air, exercise, and healthy life of the fields, did, I assure you, credit to his nurse. My cottage consisted of a square pavilion covered with tiles, composed of a basement and one story, and situated at the extremity of the village in a retired lane leading to the country, as its name indicated: "*Road to the vineyards.*"

An oblong garden, of about an acre, inclosed by walls garnished with trellises, and whose principal entrance was adorned by an iron gate with pillars, the only ambitious decoration of this modest retreat, lay before the cottage, which was built at the extremity of the inclosure, and reached by a gravelled walk, bordered on each side with fruit trees in full bearing. Before the house stood a group of Bengal roses, and on the right and left, fronting side porches, each lighted by two windows only, were grassy lawns of nearly four yards square, which had first attracted me, because I saw there a natural carpet very well calculated for the sports of my newly weaned baby, just beginning to learn to use his teeth and limbs.

The whole, furnished comfortably, not luxuriously, but with everything necessary in country life, had been let to me for five hundred francs, by the proprietor, M. Roux, ex-apothecary, Rue Montmartre, the inventor of a celebrated dentifrice. The young are not difficult; I was young, then, and had one conclusive reason for seeing life through my colored spectacles. United to a charming woman whom I idolized and who rendered me happy, I dreamed of perfect love, like an Arcadian shepherd, and these five words, *a cottage and her heart*, the eternal romance of youth, would have led me to the end of the world.

When spring came, and the lilacs, of which there were whole thickets in our inclosure, blossomed, arrived a fortunate couple to take possession of our little domain, my wife having never yet seen the house or garden; they pleased her, perhaps for reasons similar to mine. She was kind enough to find everything to her taste, even the gardener, expressly included in the inventory of fixtures, and who was not, to tell the truth, the least useful article of furniture.

Paid by the proprietor, all his duties were comprised in taking care of the garden, showing the cottage to visitors, and airing the apartments by occasionally opening the windows. If the situation was not very lucrative, it was not difficult to fill. So M. Roux had confided it to the first one who came to hand, that is to say, to a simple peasant of the neighborhood, the inhabitant of one of the only two houses which now stood on the road to the vineyards.

Blondas St. Foy, with an air as clownish as that witty singer, Gilkin, with his long, straight locks, his pug nose, his porcelain blue eyes, and fat, projecting cheeks, slightly ruddy, would have figured admirably as a rustic on the stage. A genuine peasant of the opera, he had both the physique and the character of the situation. So when, in the intervals of liberty allowed him by the culture of his fields, the produce of which he sent regularly to market, according to the invariable custom of farmers in the neighborhood of Paris, he had time to come and put sticks to our peas, water our strawberry plants, hoe our potatoes, and weed our carrots, which happened two or three times a week, and took about half a day each time; on those days, whoever had come to pay a visit to my wife or myself and looked for us in the house, would certainly have lost his trouble.

Arm in arm, and braving the hottest sun, madame, with her parasol and her pretty scarlet sun-bonnet, so becoming to her twenty years, and I, with an immense straw hat, worthy of a pure blooded American planter, closely followed Gilbert. The honest youth had scarcely arrived, when, proud of having a gardener, we went, like genuine Bœotians that we were, to sit beside him while he

worked, with spade or watering-pot in hand, and you should see what a mischievous pleasure we then took in overwhelming him with a multitude of questions as absurd as his replies; in hearing him reason gravely on the rain and fine weather; discuss the influence of heat or cold; describe his hopes or fears relative to the approaching harvest; curse the race of foxes and weasels, nocturnal marauders, not waiting for license from the vintagers to ravage their best vines; in fine, to study in all its phases this honest villager, who, having arrived at the age of thirty, had a wife and child, paid his taxes, figured on festival days in a Gaulish blouse in the ranks of the citizen militia, and had never in his life, except in one excursion to Versailles, when he saw the great fountains play, lost sight of the steeple of his commune. What a curious type! what an excellent and kind nature! how many amusing simplicities, how many charming stories he had to tell! the foolish laughter which suddenly seized us in the midst of these stories, to the great astonishment of our countryman, always retaining his imperturbable *sang froid*, and looking at us with open mouth, unable to comprehend our explosions of gayety!

We had hardly been installed in our rustic villa a week, when, one fine morning, as we were making a bouquet in a magnificent border of violets framing one of the green lawns beneath our windows, and in the corner of which figured a well half hidden by a thicket of laburnums, my wife said to me:—

"Do you know, my love, what displeases me here, and what I would certainly have removed this very moment if it depended only upon me?"

Without being a fine lady, my wife is very impressible in her nature, and has her little superstitions. She believes in the influence of Friday and of the number thirteen; an overturned salt-cellar, two knives crossed affect her; a broken mirror would make her sick; at evening, the murmur of running water, the mysterious whispering of the poplars, vivid lightning, and the noise of the thunder produce an effect which she cannot avoid; adorable weakness, of which, in my opinion, I should do very wrong to complain.

"What is it?" asked I of my wife.

"That disagreeable weeping willow, which stands in the corner of the lawn on the right of the well," replied she.

"And why so?" returned I.

"You know very well," said she to me, "that I cannot endure those trees, even in painting; an ordinary willow can be passed by in spite of the romance of Othello, but these weeping willows—oh, no! I cannot bear them."

"I understand you, dear friend; but we have no occasion for grief, the child is well, and we are both cheerful enough."

"Come, you jest when the gravest subjects are concerned. You undoubtedly have not forgotten the origin of my antipathy for that hateful tree, which should never be admitted into pleasure-grounds! On passing the shop of Lemonnier, that famous artist in hair, and examining the frames exposed in his window, have you not seen that melancholy shrub figure, beside yews and cypresses, and shading with its tearful tresses these mournful words: *He was a good husband and father. To our angel!* It is a tree suited only to a cemetery, and standing here on this turf, it annoys, it worries me."

"What a foolish idea," said I; "meanwhile I will promise to say a word on the subject to Gilbert the gardener; we will see when he comes whether he may not be able to remove it."

At evening, when Madame Gilbert returned from the fields, bringing on her shoulder her cow's supper, I invited her to rest a moment as she was passing the garden gate, and informed her, that she might mention it to her husband, of the desire expressed by my wife.

"Madame is in the right," said she to me, "and she is not mistaken in her suppositions. They took very good care not to tell you when you hired the house; the proprietor, M. Roux, forbade us to do so, but there is indeed some one buried there, and, with her apprehensions, your wife is nearer the truth than you thought for. That turf and weeping willow conceal a tomb!"

You will easily imagine how astonished I was at this unexpected revelation.

We had come into the country to avoid the gloomy sights of the city, especially to flee from the spectacle of all those human miseries so little calculated to divert even the most philosophical, in that vast ant-hill of which the great Parisian society is composed.

And we had encountered precisely what we wished to avoid; we were, without having

suspected it, the guests of Death; our garden was but a cemetery, our villa a funeral lodge standing in the midst of it, like those inhabited by the hired guardians of our burying-grounds. When our child, trying his new-born powers, was rolling about this thick turf, so green, so studded with white daisies, O horror! O sacrilegious profanation! it was over a sepulchre, over a cold corpse that, with his rattle in his hand, this dear little creature was playing! You will imagine that nothing more was necessary, not to speak of the water of the well from which we drank, and for the suspicious taste of which I thought I could now account, to induce us to remove immediately.

"But this is an act of bad faith on the part of the proprietor," said I to Madame Gilbert. "It is sufficient to cancel the bargain, for people will not endure such impositions. Who is buried there?" added I; "a criminal, a suicide! a miscreant who died without confession and could not be buried in consecrated ground?"

"Not exactly," replied my interlocutor, "it is the former proprietress of the pavilion, Madame V——, the aunt of a famous painter, I have been told, whose fine battle pieces Gilbert saw at the museum at Versailles one day when the grand fountains were playing."

"Has this person been dead long?"

"About five years, I think. Yes, five years at the approaching plum season."

"And why was she not buried, like other people, in the village cemetery?"

Madame Gilbert turned, and casting a sly glance to the right and left as if to see whether any one could hear what she was about to say, replied:—

"Madame V—— was a strong-minded woman, a philosopher, I have been told. You know there are often such in artists' families. She died at the age of eighty-six. In her youth, before the first revolution, she had been acquainted with many celebrated writers whom she often quoted and whose works she knew by heart; one M. Voltaire, who was a native of the village of Chatenay, near here; a certain Rousseau, Messieurs Dident, d'Alembert, and many others whose names I do not remember, although they were incessantly in her mouth. An amiable little woman she was, too, lively, witty, agreeable; charitable to the poor, and much beloved by our peasants, whom she never hesitated to assist by her counsels or her purse. But when she died, scarcely bent by age, still coquettish, reading the newspaper daily without spectacles, it was yonder, there, beneath that arbor of honeysuckles, that she seated herself every morning; and I see her still, with her white sun-bonnet and farthingale of puce-colored silk, she wished to remain faithful to her principles, and as she did not believe in much of anything, never went to mass, entertained the curate only, as she laughingly said, in hopes to convert him, left a will in which, by a formal clause, she requested to be buried in her own garden, beside these eglantines which she had herself set out and whose roses she loved to cultivate. Her heirs fulfilled her last wishes, and when M. Roux bought the property the obligation was imposed on him that he should respect this little nook of land."

"Well, it is a disagreeable condition, and if the house and garden were to be sold again I would not buy them at any price. Meanwhile, I enjoin it upon you not to say a word of all this to my wife. I know her; if she should ever learn the least thing which could confirm her in her suspicions, she would not remain at Verrieres one hour. As for me, I am going to Paris to have a talk with the proprietor."

As I was going without even returning to the house to engage a place in the carriage of Barbu, a stage with ten seats which then made regular trips to the city, chance willed it that I should encounter on the way Father Michel, our baker, the deputy-mayor of the commune. I naturally related to him my dissatisfaction and the step I was about to take.

Father Michel was an excellent man; he held me in great esteem, because that before having established myself at Verrieres, I had often made him a present of the game I had killed in that vicinity.

"It is useless for you to go to Paris," said he to me; "on Saturday last, at the request of M. Roux himself, the municipal council decided to exhume Madame V——, and transfer her remains to the neighboring cemetery. You will imagine that the interests of a proprietor would prevail over the posthumous request of an old woman. The ceremony will take place at noon to-morrow. You will therefore do well to take your wife to Paris this very evening, and not return till the day after."

I immediately returned to Gilbert and gave

him my instructions. Calculating that an absence of twenty-four hours would be very short, I resolved (this was Monday) not to return till the following Saturday. It was agreed between the gardener and myself that he should remove, with the greatest care, all the turf covering the grave, replace it as carefully, levelling it so that his labor should not appear.

Five minutes afterwards, I had invented a plausible excuse for the necessity of an immediate departure, which was nothing less than a serious indisposition of my mother, and at four o'clock we left the house, taking with us our entire family.

After passing a few days in the capital, we returned to our little villa. In the mean time I had been officially informed that the removal of the body had taken place, and the turf so ingeniously replaced as to leave no trace of the operation. The letter, which came from Father Michel, announced to me at the same time, by way of postscript, that my presence on the following Saturday was indispensable at Verrieres, as the moon would then be at the full, and a whole family of weasels had been discovered, whose urgent destruction imperiously called for my devotions, that is to say, some hours of watching passed in the forest at night.

At nine o'clock, therefore, on the evening of my return, I set out in search of my weasels. The weather was magnificent and the moon at the full. No night could have been more propitious, nevertheless my vigils were vain, for no sign of a weasel appeared, and after waiting till midnight I returned home.

I was but twenty paces from the house, whose white walls, illuminated by the rays of the moon, stood out from the dark ground of the thickets behind it, and was about to turn around the group of Bengal roses decorating its *façade*, when, casting my eyes mechanically towards the six feet of turf which, three days before, still covered the sepulchre of Madame V——, I remained petrified, immovable, dumb with fear and horror.

Beneath the weeping willow which formerly shaded the tomb, stood, wrapped in its shroud, the spectre of the departed. It was not an optical illusion, nor a hallucination of my disturbed mind. The phantom seemed to be awaiting me, waving its arms as if trying to disengage them from its white shroud; and while its head reached to the uppermost branches of the tree, its feet, nimbly agitating, hovered over, rather than touched the ground. They seemed to be making ineffectual efforts to detach themselves entirely and advance to meet me.

A shudder of indescribable terror ran over me, and though not cowardly by nature, a cold sweat stood on my forehead. I tried to speak, but could not utter a word; I tried to walk, but my limbs refused to obey my will. At last, imagining myself to be the object of some trick, I adjured the spirit to speak, threatening to fire upon it unless it answered my challenge.

I had scarcely uttered this threat when a flash of lightning, the first indication of an approaching storm, illuminated the whole garden, and amid a gust of wind, which enveloped me in a whirlwind of dust, the phantom disappeared. This time I could not doubt that it was the shade of Madame V——, suddenly vanishing before my eyes, in order to save me a second profanation more sacrilegious than the first.

Shall I confess it? I crossed myself, and clearing in a few leaps without daring to turn my eyes in the direction of the well, the distance which still separated me from the pavilion, I rushed, more dead than alive, into the bedchamber where my wife was quietly reposing.

I was very careful not to awaken her, and especially not to tell her of my nocturnal adventure; but a violent clap of thunder rendered useless the precautions which I had taken to make as little noise as possible on entering.

"Ah! it is you, my love," said she to me. "You did well to return; I have been oppressed by a bad dream; light the candle, I beg, and see if all is right about the house."

The night was terrible, and I never knew a more frightful storm. The disorder of the elements impressed me the more vividly that, in my state of mind, it seemed to be in consequence of my vision; and when day appeared and the tempest abated, I had not succeeded in closing my eyes.

I arose and dressed to take a turn in the garden; but at the moment of crossing the threshold of the door, I was so overcome that I retraced my steps, resolved not to visit the theatre of action until, after breakfast, my wife and myself could go together and see the ravages of the storm.

As the cook came to pour out tea for us in the dining-room, Rosalie, the child's nurse, whose first duty every morning was to fill the fountain, entered. She held in her hand a bundle of wet linen.

"Ah, madame, I have been fortunate," said she to my wife. "Look, I brought these from the well in drawing my first bucket of water."

"What are they?" asked my wife.

"The clothes of the little one which I had hung out to dry last night on the weeping willow at the edge of the well; the wind blew so in the night that they fell in; fortunately they caught on the handle of the lower bucket."

In spite of myself I burst into a fit of mad laughter, to the great amazement of my wife, who vainly questioned me on the subject of my unaccountable hilarity.

I had the secret of the enigma. But I will confess, and more than one strong mind would doubtless have shared my weakness, I believed for an instant in ghosts.

GOOD TEMPER.

It is not within the domestic circle only that good temper should be exercised; it is an invaluable possession even amongst the more distant connections of social life. It is a passport with all into their esteem and affection. It gives a grace to the plainest countenance, and to the fairest is an ornament, which neither time nor disease will destroy. Every day of life teems with circumstances by which it may be exercised and improved. Towards the husband, it is manifested by forbearance, when he is irritated and vexed; and by soothing, comforting, and supporting him when under the pressure of deeper and more afflicting troubles. It is shown towards children and servants by willingness to promote their enjoyments, while superiority is mildly but steadily exerted to keep them in proper subjection. It is exhibited in every direction, by unwillingness to offend; by not opposing our own opinions and pleasures to the prejudices of others; and it is above all demonstrated by the cheerful, even tenor of spirits that dwells within the well-governed mind, and which renders it happy almost in spite of vexations and sorrows.

The concluding sentence of Fenelon's "Telemachus" is worth storing in our memory: "Above all things be on your guard against your temper. It is an enemy that will accompany you everywhere to the last hour of your life. If you listen to it, it will frustrate all your designs. It will make you lose the most important opportunities, and will inspire you with the inclinations and aversions of a child, to the prejudice of your gravest interests. Temper causes the greatest affairs to be decided by the most paltry reasons; it obscures every talent, paralyzes every energy, and renders its victims unequal, weak, vile, and insupportable."

FRIENDSHIP'S WHISPERS.

BY ANNIE M. BEACH.

Come sit beside me here, sweet friend,
This quiet afternoon,
While sinks the sun, and up the east
Walketh the white-veiled moon;

And we will talk of other hours,
The friends we used to know,
The flowers that bloomed, the birds that sung,
In sunny "long ago."

We were but children in those hours,
Ten summers scarce have fled,
Yet childhood friends and childhood dreams
We number with the dead.

And year by year, as on we pass,
Some idol turns to dust,
And to our hearts a coldness creeps,
Unlike our childhood's trust.

Yet, friend of mine, our maidenhood
Hath glad, bright visions too;
And for the old-time sweetness, gone,
God gives to us the new.

We are too young to sing the song
Of happiness' decay;
Oh let us rather gather up
The blossoms on the way,

And twine a fadeless, fragrant wreath,
While bright are summer's bowers,
To deck the altar of the heart
When winter-time is ours.

Thy songs, though sweet, have made me sad;
They paint no future bright;
I mind me half to bid thee gaze
Upon my own, to-night,

And see my gilded castle rise
In hope's pure, blessed sheen,
Which lightens up the years that lie
Along the path between.

Cheer up, cheer up, and string thy harp
Unto a gladder tune,
Nor sing December melodies
In rosy time of June.

NOVELTIES FOR APRIL.

HEADDRESSES, COIFFURE, CAP, COLLAR, SLEEVE, AND JACKET.

Fig. 1.

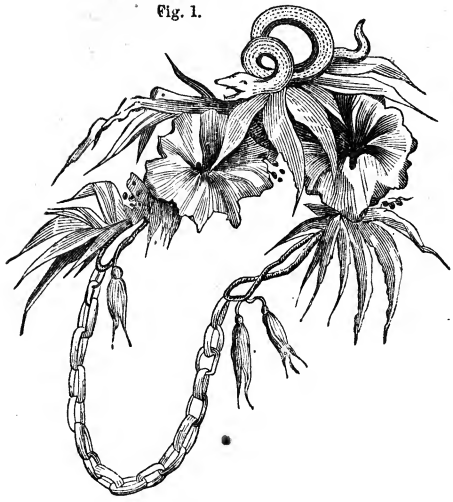


Fig. 3.

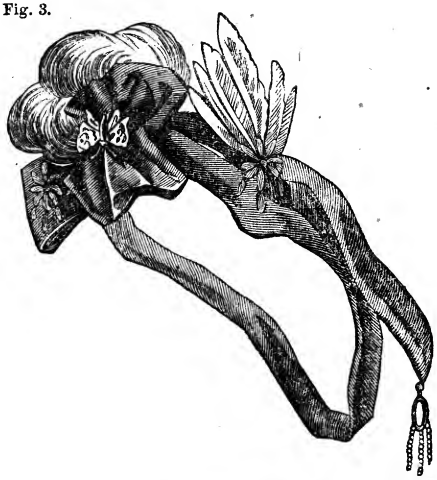


Fig. 4.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 5.

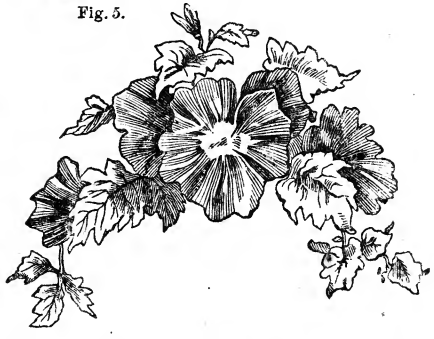


Fig. 1.—A headdress of lilac velvet petunias, with groups of palm leaves; a double chain of gutta percha is carried round the head; in front, among the palm leaves, is an enamelled blue and green golden serpent.

Fig. 2.—A Louis XV. wreath, made with

Fig. 6.

Malmaison roses, buds, and foliage, tied with a green satin and black velvet bow. This headdress is in two parts; the large chaplet is placed upon the forehead, and the second, which is tied with ribbon, is arranged at the side.

Fig. 3.—A black velvet headdress, with gold ornaments; a mother-of-pearl butterfly at the side; a tuft of marabout feathers spangled with mother-of-pearl in front.

Fig. 4.—A headdress, composed with dark red velvet, which is formed into a large pansy in front, with a gold ornament in its centre; a tuft of white feathers at the side.

Fig. 5.—A headdress, composed with large blue velvet pansies, with gold and mother-of-pearl hearts; brown and gilt leaves.

Fig. 6.—A wreath of white forget-me-nots, with moss-roses, buds, and foliage at the side and back.

Fig. 7.

Fig. 7.—Evening coiffure for a young lady. The front hair is arranged over quite a high cushion, with sprays of lilies-of-the-valley foliage falling over it. The back hair is in waterfall style, round which is twisted a thick plait.

Fig. 8.

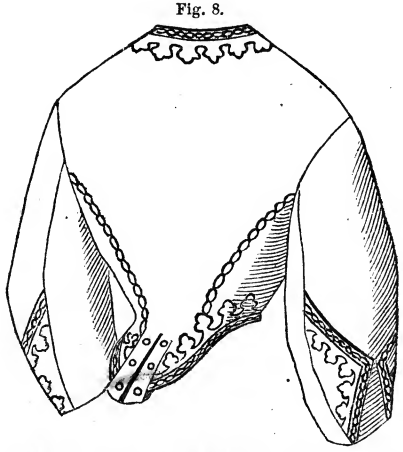
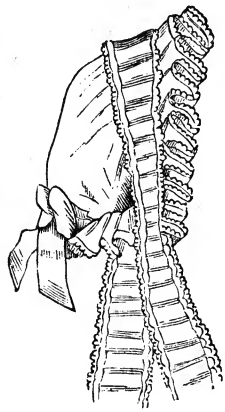


Fig. 8.—White *piqué* jacket, braided with black mohair braid.

Fig. 9.—Breakfast-cap, made of thin white muslin. It is trimmed with a ruching, with

Fig. 9.



a worked edge, and a box-plaited band which crosses it and forms streamers.

Fig. 10

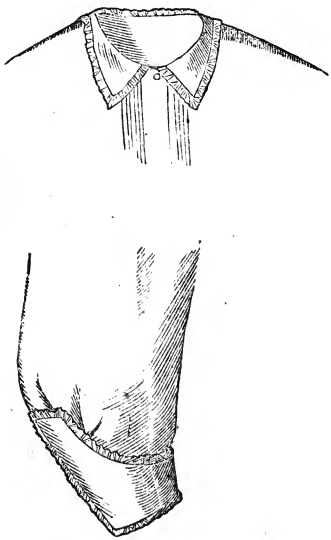
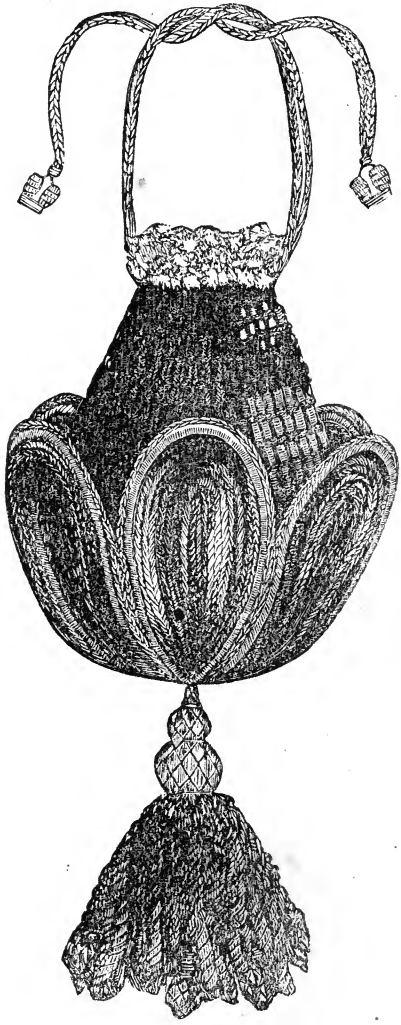


Fig. 10.—The spring style for collar and sleeve. Made of linen, trimmed with a narrow fluted ruffle.

CROCHET TULIP BAG.

This small bag need not be made of any expensive material, and therefore Alpine pink and a middle shade of green single Berlin wool can be used, with the edges worked in gold twine. If, however, it is made for a purse, then middle size netting silk and fine gold twist should be substituted.

A small steel tassel, Penelope needle No. 3, and 2 yards of fine wire will be required.



The Tulip, 1st Petal—Commence with the pink wool, *, make 31 chain; and for the

1*st or centre round*—Turn, miss 3, 23 treble, 3 plain, turn, 1 chain to cross, and up the other side; and for the

2*d round*—6 plain, 17 treble, 2 treble in 1 stitch, 1 treble (2 treble in one, 5 times), turn, and down the other side, 1 treble, 2 treble in one, 17 treble, 6 plain, 1 single on the 1 chain that crosses; and for the

3*d round*—1 single, 8 plain, 15 treble, 2 treble in one, 2 treble, 2 treble in one, 1 treble (2 treble in one, 4 times), 1 treble, 2 treble in one, 2 treble, 2 treble in one, 15 treble, 8

plain, 1 single. Repeat from * 5 times more, join on the gold twist or silk, and work 1 single on the 1st plain stitch of the 1st petal; then work round the six petals thus—

The Edge round—Take the wire and work it under the stitches, 25 plain (2 plain in one, and 1 plain, 8 times), 2 plain in one, ** 25 plain, 1 single, then up the next petal, 1 single on the 1st stitch, 5 plain, join to the 6th stitch of the 1st petal, counting from the last stitch, 6 plain, join to the 6th stitch of the 1st petal, always counting from the last joining, 7 plain, join to the 7th stitch of the 1st petal, 6 plain (2 plain in one, and 1 plain, 8 times), 2 plain in one. Repeat from ** 4 times more; then to make it round, 6 plain, join to the 19th stitch of the 1st petal, 7 plain, join to the 12th stitch of the 1st petal, 6 plain, join to the 6th stitch of the 1st petal, 5 plain, 1 single; cut off the wire, twisting the ends together to secure it, work along the ends of the petals (3 chain and 1 plain in the 1 chain between the petals, 6 times), (1 chain, and 1 plain in the 3 chain, 6 times). Fasten off.

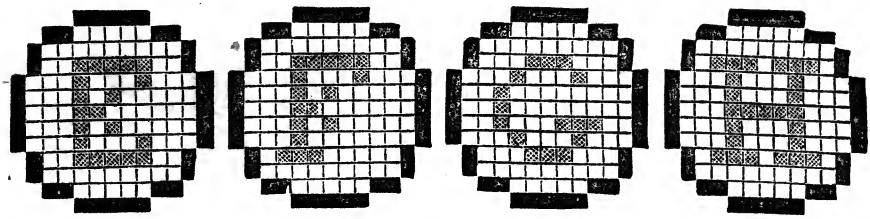
For the Lining—Commence with the green wool or silk, work 114 chain, make it round by working a treble stitch in the 1st chain stitch.

1*st round*—2 chain, miss 2, 1 treble. Repeat all round, and work 19 rounds more the same, join on the gold.

21*st round*—7 chain, miss 2, and 1 plain in the 2 chain. Repeat all round.

22*d round*—7 chain, miss 7, 1 plain in the 7 chain. Repeat, and fasten off. With a needle and silk draw the foundation round close, and sew it to the inside of the last round of the flower; sew on the tassel, and tack the last joining of each petal to the 7th round of the lining; then make a chain for the strings and run them in the last green round.

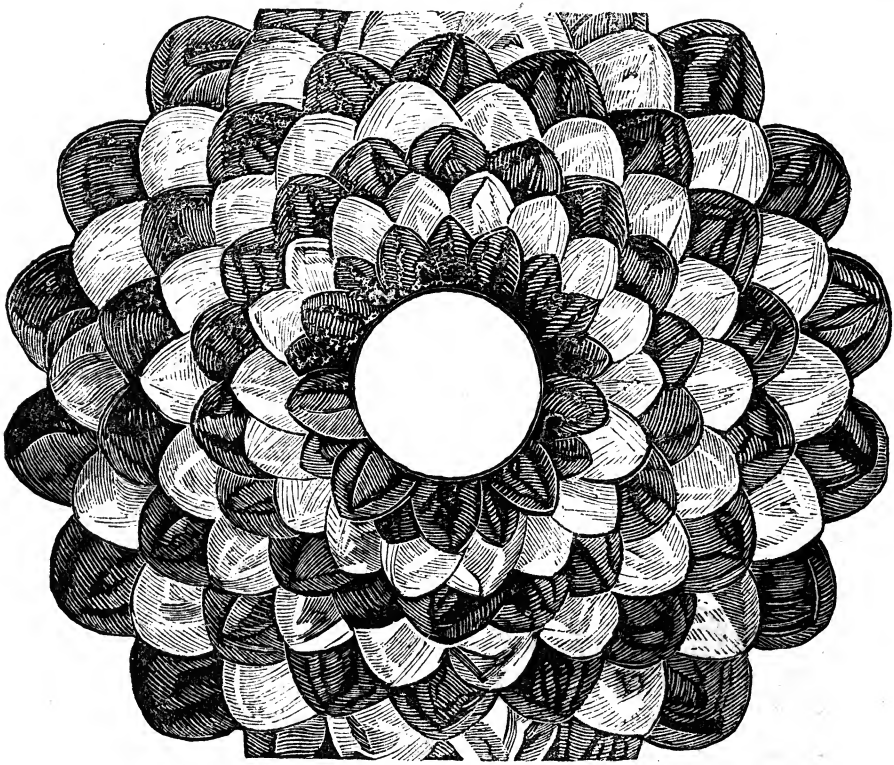
INITIAL LETTERS FOR NETTING.



NECK-TIE FOR A LADY.

HARLEQUIN TOILET-TABLE MAT.

These pretty mats are made with great facility, and as there could scarcely be found a house in which many little fragments of silks and ribbons are not occasionally thrown away, we have thought that so easy an application which at the same time could produce articles which are both useful and ornamental for the toilet-table would prove generally acceptable.



In the first place, cut a round as large as you desire your mat to be, in any strong material of rather a dark color, and tack the raw edge down on the wrong side; then take your little pieces of silk or ribbon, and having cut them to the size which accompanies our illustration, gather them across their rounded edge, draw them up into the required form, and fasten them down in a regular row all round the edge of the foundation, making the scallop extend beyond. Having completed this outer row, commence again just within it, laying the next row so as to cover the stitches of the last, and so continue with successive circles until you come quite to the centre of the mat, which is covered with a handsome gilt button, which must be flat, so as not to affect the standing of any article which may be placed upon the mat. This being done, it only remains for the mat to be lined. Introducing a round piece of cardboard gives firmness to the work; this is done by tacking the lining on to one the required size, before sewing it round the edge of the mat.

We have not yet spoken of the mat colors, because these may be determined either by taste or convenience. The effect is extremely good when the colors are arranged in rows, but this is not necessary; in fact, every piece may be of a different color, if care be taken that each contrasts well with the neighboring parts.

AUTOGRAPH BEDQUILT.

The autograph bedquilt is made by obtaining the signatures of friends or relatives written upon pieces of white material. These pieces may be square, octagon, round, diamond, or heart shaped, or indeed cut into any

form to suit the taste of the maker. After they are cut they should be strained tightly over a card, to make a smooth, even surface for the writing, which should be done in indelible ink. Muslin, linen, or silk can be used, the silk being the handsomest, while the linen makes the best surface for the signature. The cards may be sent by mail to friends at a distance.

After the names are written, the white

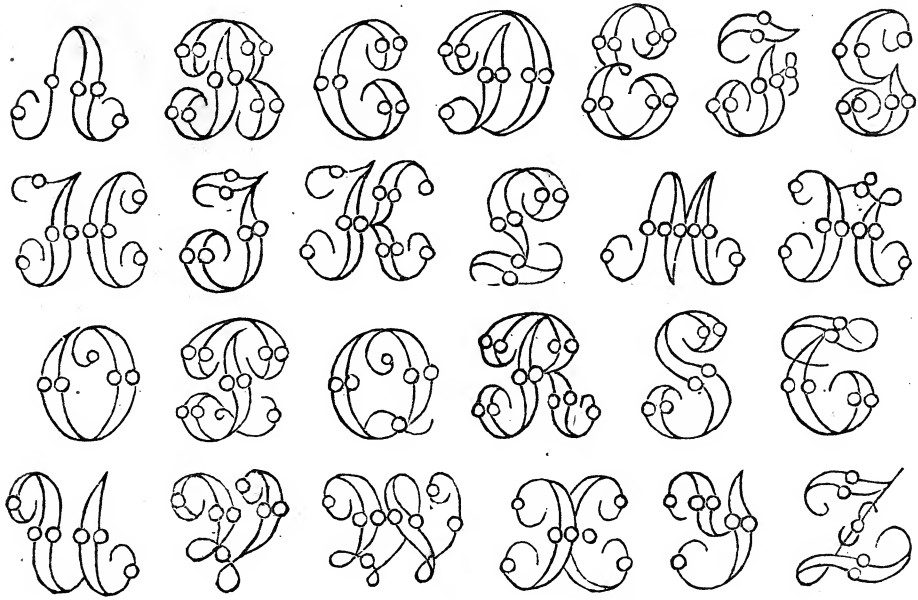
pieces can be either sewed down upon, or set into, squares of colored material, and these squares, sewed together, form the quilt.

In quilting, select such a pattern as will leave the name free from the quilting stitches.

Smaller pieces of white silk (with the autographs written in miniature), alternated with colored silk, and made into a pincushion or sofa cushion make a very pretty album of affection.

For a more extended notice, see Editors' Table, page 396.

ALPHABET OF FANCY LETTERS.



AUMONIERE GIRDLE.

This girdle can be made of either black or a fancy colored silk, and trimmed with black velvet with a white edge and narrow guipure lace. The pocket is merely large enough to contain the pocket handkerchief. The band is fastened round the waist, and the bag is suspended from it on the left side.

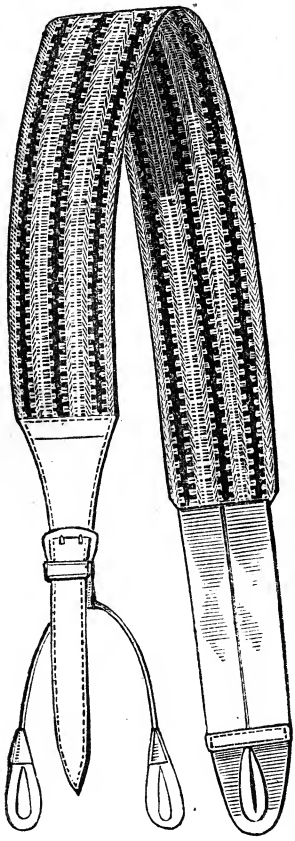
TIDY IN CROCHET.

(See Plate printed in Colors, in front.)

The great variety of patterns which can be produced by the means of cotton and a crochet needle are almost endless, and give this work a continued newness. It is applicable to so many purposes, and possesses so much durability, that these recommendations make it continue in favor longer than most other kinds of fancy work. Our illustration is a portion of a tidy formed of stars. To those young ladies who are expert in the use of the crochet needle an illustration is a sufficient guide; but for those who have not had much practice in this sort of work, we will endeavor to make the explanations as simple as possible, so that, with the double assistance, they cannot fail in being successful in the undertaking. Make a chain of twenty-four stitches; join this into a ring, on which work twelve loops in double crochet in every other stitch, with one chain between; in three or four places, make two chain between, to allow the circle to increase. Having done this, work twelve chain, *turn*, and work ten double loops in the chain; then loop in with one stitch of double crochet into the first division of the centre, *turn*, chain nine; loop in with a double stitch in the seventh stitch of the last row; chain five, loop in with double stitch, leaving one between; chain five again, and loop in the same way on the next stitch; *turn*, and chain nine; loop in, chain five, loop in, chain three, and work ten double stitches; loop into the next division of the centre, and continue to repeat these rows until there are twelve points to the star. When the twelve leaves are finished, work the cotton up the side, and form another point, which completes the star. Make a sufficient number of these stars, and unite

them together at every two points; this will form a six-sided star; about eleven on each side will make a good sized square. Finish with a rich fringe knotted into each point of the stars, all round the outside edge. This will be found a very pretty and useful ornament.

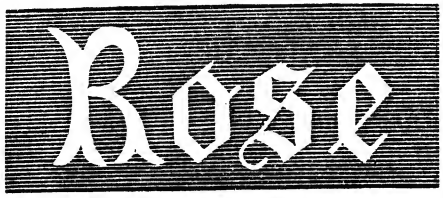
GENTLEMAN'S CROCHET SILK BRACES.



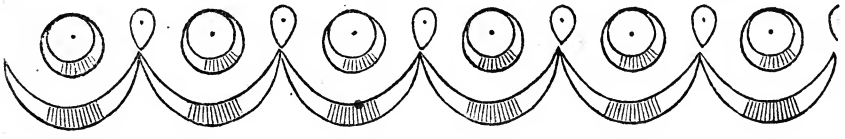
MAKE a chain of 150 stitches with the cerise. 1*st row*.—Work a stitch of double crochet, make a chain, miss 1 loop, repeat. 2*d*.—Turn, make 1 chain, work a stitch of double crochet into the chain of last row, make 1 chain, repeat. Every row is alike. Work 2 rows of cerise, 2 of black, 2 of cerise, 2 of maize, 2 of cerise, 2 of black, 2 of cerise, 2 of maize, 2 of cerise, 2 of black, and 2 of cerise; this completes the brace. The crochet should not be done too tightly, as a little elasticity is desirable. When finished, the lengths left at the end of the rows must be neatly run in, and some kid brace ends, that are kept ready for the purpose, stitched on. No lining is required, both sides of the work being exactly alike. These braces are most durable.

INITIAL LETTER FOR MARKING.

NAME FOR MARKING.



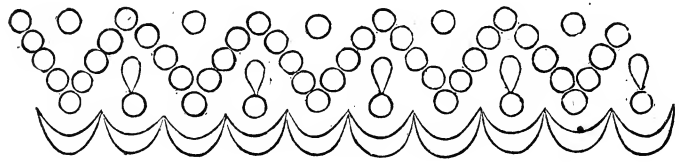
EMBROIDERY.

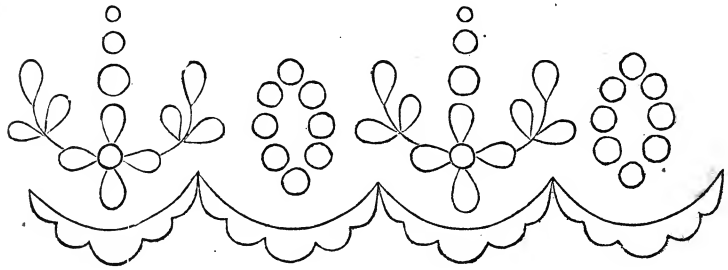


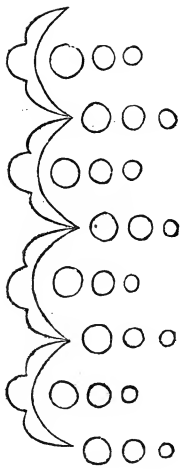
NEW EMBROIDERY PATTERNS.

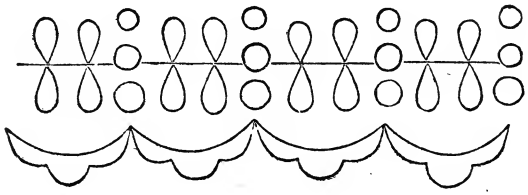
PREPARED AT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF W. CAMERON,

No. 228 *North Eighth Street, Philadelphia.*

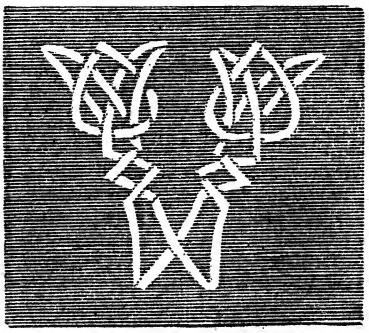








INITIAL MONOGRAMS.



Receipts, &c.

ADVICE TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

If our ancestors made domestic occupations too exclusively the aim of female education, it may be truly said that the present generation has fallen as unwisely into the contrary extreme. It is indeed a very common, but a very erroneous supposition, that attention to culinary affairs is unnecessary in a gentlewoman; yet there can be no question that elegance, comfort, social enjoyment, and, it may be added, health, materially depend upon attention to the table; and the prudent management of her family ought to be considered an important object amongst the duties of every lady when she marries.

There are comparatively few persons among the middle classes of society who can afford to keep professed cooks, their wages being too high, and their methods too extravagant. In such cases a *plain cook* is alone attainable, who knows little beyond the commonest operations of the kitchen. The mistress ought therefore to make herself so far acquainted with cookery as to be competent to give proper directions for dressing a dinner, and having it properly served up.

Perhaps there are few points on which the respectability of a man is more immediately felt, than the style of dinner to which he may accidentally bring home a visitor. If the dishes be well served, with the proper accompaniments, the table-linen clean, the sideboard neatly laid, and all that is necessary be at hand, the comfort of both husband and friend will be increased by the usual domestic arrangements not having been interfered with.

Hence the *direction of a table* is no inconsiderable branch of a lady's duties, as it involves judgment in expenditure, respectability of appearance, and the comfort of her husband as well as those who partake of their hospitality. Inattention to it is always inexcusable, and should be avoided for the lady's own sake, as it occasions a disagreeable degree of bustle and evident annoyance to herself, which is never observable in a well-regulated establishment. In doing the honors of her table, the mode of carving is also of importance, and will be treated of in a future number.

The mode of *covering the table* differs according to taste. It is not the multiplicity of dishes, but the choice, the dressing, and the neat look of the whole, which give an air of refinement to a table. There should always be more than the *necessary* quantity of plate, or plated ware, and glass, to afford a certain appearance of elegance; and these, with a clean cloth and neatly dressed attendant, will show that the habits of the family are those of gentility. For a small party, or a *tête-a-tête*, a dumb waiter is a convenient contrivance, as it partly saves the attendance of servants. The cruets should be looked to and filled every day an hour before dinner; and much trouble and irregularity are saved, when there is company, if servants are accustomed to prepare the table and sideboard in similar order every day. Too many or too few dishes are extremes not uncommon: the former encumbering the dinner with a superfluity which partakes of vulgarity, whilst the latter has the appearance of poverty or penuriousness.

In all situations of life the entertainment should be no less suited to the station than to the fortune of the *entertainer*, as well as to the number of those invited. If the arrangements of the table be properly studied, a degree of elegance is attainable under all circumstances, however economical; and the plainest fare, if carefully dressed, may be made to furnish dishes which every one will eat with relish.

Should there be only a joint and a pudding, they should always be served up separately; and the dishes, however small the party, should always form two courses. Thus, in the old-fashioned style of entertaining a couple of friends with "fish, soup, and a roast," the soup and fish should be placed at the top and bottom of the table, removed by the joint with vegetables and pastry; or, should the company consist of eight or ten, a couple or more of side dishes in the first course, with game and a pudding in the second, accompanied by confectionery, would be sufficient.

In most of the books which treat of cookery, various bills of fare are given, which are never exactly followed. The mistress should select those dishes which are most in season. For a small party a single light in the centre is sufficient; but for a larger number the room should be well lighted.

The mistress of a family should never forget that the welfare and good management of the house depend on the eye of the superior; and, consequently, that nothing is too trifling for her notice, whereby waste may be avoided or order maintained. If she has never been accustomed, while single, to think of family management, let her not upon that account fear that she cannot attain it; she may consult others who are more experienced, and acquaint herself with the necessary quantities, quality, and prices of the several articles of expenditure in a family, in proportion to the number it consists of. The *chief* duties of life are within the reach of humble abilities, and she whose aim is to fulfil them, will rarely ever fail to acquit herself well. United with, and perhaps crowning all, the virtues of the female character, is that well-directed ductility of mind which occasionally bends its attention to the smaller objects of life, knowing them to be often scarcely less essential than the greater.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

Spiced Beef.—This is an excellent dish for either luncheon or breakfast, and is generally eaten cold. It can be made from either the round, brisket, or rump of beef, but ribs are the most tender eating. Procure, therefore, from eight to ten pounds of the ribs of beef—those which have a good amount of fat upon them are the best—remove the bone, rub the meat well with one ounce of saltpetre pounded very finely, and three hours after this has been applied, rub on one-half pound of moist sugar; let the meat lay in this for two days, then take one ounce of ground pepper, one-half ounce of pounded mace, a few cloves likewise well pounded, and a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper. Mix all these ingredients well, and rub them well into the beef, particularly into the holes, adding occasionally a little salt. Roll up the meat as a round, and bind it with a strong fillet. Chop some shred suet very finely, and cover the beef with it, and bake it in a moderately heated oven from five to six hours. Whilst baking it may be placed either upon a meat tin, or in an earthen jar as nearly of its size as possible. In both cases there should be a cupful of gravy or water under the meat to prevent it from burning; if a jar is used there should be a cover to it.

To make Pea Soup.—To four quarts of water, put in one quart of split peas, three slices of lean bacon (or a ham bone if at hand), and some roast beef bones, one head of celery, one turnip, and two carrots, cut into small pieces, a little salt and pepper; let all these simmer gently until the quantity is reduced to two quarts. Run

it through a cullender, with a wooden spoon, mix a little flour in water, and boil it well with the soup, and slice in another head of celery, adding cayenne pepper, and a little more salt. Fry slices of bread in some butter until they assume a light brown color, cut them into small squares, and hand them with the soup, as well as a small dishful of powdered dried sage.

CARROT SOUP.—Take six or eight full-grown carrots, scrape them clean, and rasp only the outer rind, or soft red part, and if you have a ripe tomato, add it, sliced, to the raspings, but use no other vegetable except onions. While this is being done, the broth of any kind of fresh meat which has been got ready should be heated and seasoned with a couple of onions fried in butter, but without pepper, or any other kind of seasoning, except a small quantity of mace and a little salt; put the raspings into two quarts of the skimmed broth, cover the stewpan close, and let it simmer by the side of the fire for two or three hours, by which time the raspings will have become soft enough to be pulped through a fine sieve; after which the soup should be boiled until it is as smooth as jelly, for any curdy appearance will spoil it.

TO CRISP PARSLEY.—Pick some bunches of young parsley, wash them very clean in cold water, drain them, and swing them about in a clean cloth until they are quite dry. Place them upon a sheet of writing-paper in a Dutch oven, and lay it before a brisk fire, keeping the sprigs frequently turned until they are quite crisp. In six or eight minutes they will be ready.

RUMP OF BEEF STEW.—Half-roast it; then put it into a pot with three pints of water, a pound of sliced bacon, a bunch of sweet herbs, two wine-glasses of vinegar, and a bottle of cider or small wine; stick cloves into a couple of large onions, add a few sage leaves, and cover the beef closely, adding more water should there not be sufficient gravy from the meat. Let it simmer for three hours; then strain the gravy. Boil or bake some button onions, and lay them round the beef; cover it also with forcemeat-balls, fried ornaments of paste, and mushrooms, if in season; add to the gravy a glass of port wine, a spoonful of sauce; boil down a part to a glaze, and put it on the beef; thicken the remainder if necessary, and pour it round, garnishing the dish with pickles.

LOIN OF MUTTON ROASTED.—Take off the skin and some of the fat; joint it, and skewer it from the flap into the fillet; then put the spit through the chump, and the skewer at the thin end will secure the joint in its place; roast for one and a half hour.

TO STEW A LOIN OF MUTTON.—Bone a loin of well-hung mutton; take off the skin, and remove the fat from the inside; put it into a stewpan, with broth enough to cover it, and let it stew gently till it becomes of a good brown color; add a glass of port wine, a large spoonful of mushroom ketchup, and some vegetables cut in shapes, or stewed beans.

TO MASH PARSNIPS.—Boil them tender; rub the skin off; then mash them into a stewpan with a little cream, a good piece of butter, pepper and salt.

TO FRICASSEE PARSNIPS.—Scrape them; boil in milk till they are soft; then cut them lengthwise into bits two or three inches long, and simmer in a white sauce, made of two spoonsful of broth, a bit of mace, one-half a cupful of cream, a bit of butter, and some flour, pepper, and salt.

PULLED BREAD.—It is made by pulling away in small pieces half-baked dough; then placing these pieces separately on a well-floured tin, and baking them in a quick oven until they assume a light-brown color. They are excellent when crisp and freshly made, and can be eaten with butter as well as with cheese.

MACCARONI.—Boil it in milk, or a weak veal broth, pretty well flavored with salt. When tender, put it into a dish without the liquor, and among it put some bits of butter and grated cheese, and over the top grate more, and a little more butter. Set the dish into a Dutch oven a quarter of an hour, but do not let the top become hard.

SAUCES.

SAUCE FOR GAME OR POULTRY.—Put into a stewpan and set on a slow fire a quarter of a pint of white wine, a tablespoonful of vinegar, three tablespoonfuls of olive oil, a bunch of sweet herbs, and spice to taste. Add to the whole some good gravy, and serve hot.

MELTED BUTTER.—Flour the butter and put it into a saucepan with a little milk, stirring it carefully one way till it boils. Salt and pepper to taste. Another way is, make it with butter, flour, and a little water, with salt and pepper.

ONION SAUCE.—Boil the onions until tender, changing the water occasionally to render them more mild. Strain, and mash the onions in a bowl, adding butter and salt. Warm up again and mix the whole thoroughly.

EGG SAUCE.—Boil the eggs very hard; when taken up, throw them into cold water; take off the shells, and chop the eggs rather fine; have ready your melted butter, into which throw them; heat it well and serve.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

WATER CAKES.—Two eggs beaten very lightly, one pint of cold water, one teaspoonful of salt, flour to make it as thick as fritters, bake half an hour in a hot oven; eat with butter; bake in little tins filled full.

COMPOSITION CAKE.—Six eggs, three cups of sugar, two cups of butter, one of milk, one glass of brandy or wine, one nutmeg, one pound of raisins, six cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda; beat whites separately.

TO MAKE CREAM PANCAKES.—Take the yolks of two eggs, mix them with half a pint of good cream, two ounces of sugar; rub your pan with lard, and fry them as thin as possible, grate sugar over them, and serve them up hot.

QUEEN CAKES.—One pound each of flour, sugar, and butter worked to a cream; the yolks of five eggs, the whites of ten. A few caraway and coriander seeds if liked. They are best baked in small, well-buttered tins; a few currants should be strewn in the bottom of each tin. Half an hour in a slow oven is sufficient.

KENTISH FRITTERS.—Beat up the whites of three eggs and the yolks of six, with half a pound of flour, a cupful of milk, and a large teaspoonful of yeast; put the mixture into a jug, cover it, and set it by the fire till the next day, then add to the batter two large apples, finely chopped, and fry the fritters as usual.

A PLAIN CAKE.—Flour, three-quarters of a pound, sugar, the same quantity; butter, four ounces; one egg, and two tablespoonfuls of milk. Mix all together and bake.

RICE BLANCMANGE.—Take one pint of new milk, add to it two eggs well beaten, four spoonfuls of ground rice, two spoonfuls of brandy; grate a little nutmeg, sweeten it to your taste, boil it; when near cold, put it into your mould; when quite cold, turn it out, mix a little sugar, cream and nutmeg, and put round it in the dish; garnish with red currant jelly.

CHEESE CREAM, A PLAIN FAMILY WAY.—Put three pints of milk to one half pint of cream, warm or according to the same proportions, and put in a little rennet; keep it covered in a warm place till it is curdled; have a mould with holes, either of china or any other; put the curds into it to drain about an hour; serve with a good plain cream and pounded sugar over it.

COCOA-NUT PUDDING.—Pare off the rind and wipe the nut dry; dissolve two ounces of sugar in a small teacup of water. Boil the sugar a few minutes, and add the grated cocoa-nut; keep stirring the mixture until it boils. When nearly cold, add the beaten yolks of three eggs, a dessertspoonful of orange flower-water, a wineglassful of brandy, and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Line the dish with pastry. Pour the mixture in; bake it, and sift sugar over it before serving.

TO MAKE A FRENCH PUDDING.—Take one quart of milk, nine large tablespoonfuls of flour, and eight eggs. Beat the eggs very light, adding gradually to them the flour and the milk. Butter thoroughly a pan or some teacups, pour in the mixture, and bake in a tolerably quick oven.

APPLE SOUFFLE.—Peel and cut two pounds of good dressing apples, put them into a stewpan with four ounces of loaf sugar, and stew till tender. Separate the yolks and whites of six eggs; beat the yolks with two ounces of powdered loaf sugar, and pour over them a pint of boiling milk, stirring the whole time. Put this custard into a basin, set the basin into a stewpan with a little boiling water, cover it closely, and let it steam till firm. Beat the whites of the eggs into snow with a little more powdered sugar. Put the apples into a dish, lay the custard over, then pile up the snow high, shake powdered sugar over, and bake in a quick oven till it is a fine light shade of brown.

VERMICELLI PUDDING.—One tablespoonful of vermicelli, four eggs (only one white), one pint of milk, two bay leaves, sugar, lemon-peel, and nutmeg, to flavor it. Boil the vermicelli a quarter of an hour in the milk. The whole to be boiled one hour in the mould, or steamed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TO EXTRACT GREASE FROM SILK.—Wet the part with eau de cologne, and gently rub the silk upon itself between the hands. When dry, the grease will disappear. This will also remove recent paint, and the grease from a wax candle.

TO CLEAN SILK.—Quarter pound soft soap, one ounce honey, one pint gin. Put on with a flannel, or nail brush, and afterwards brushed with cold water, then dipped in cold water five or six times, and hung out to drain, then ironed (*wet* on the wrong side) with a hot iron.

TO REMOVE INK FROM MAHOGANY.—Dilute half a teaspoonful of oil of vitriol with a larger spoonful of water, and apply it to the ink spot with a feather. Let it lie for a few minutes, and rub it off quickly, and repeat it if not removed. An excellent receipt.

TOOTH POWDER.—Take cream of tartar and chalk, of each half an ounce; myrrh, powdered, one drachm; orris root, powdered, half a drachm; powdered bark, two drachms. Mix altogether, and rub down to mass in a mortar.

MILK LEMONADE.—Dissolve three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar in one pint of boiling water, and mix with one gill of lemon juice, and one gill of sherry; then add three gills of cold milk. Stir the whole well together, and strain it.

TO PREVENT CONTAGION.—There is very little efficacy in the employment of camphor and other similar substances in preventing the contagion of fevers. The best prophylactics are—general cleanliness, plenty of fresh air and water, moderately good living, and cheerfulness of mind. Chloride of lime is undoubtedly beneficial in neutralizing bad smells, and is especially antagonistic of the vapors of sulphuretted hydrogen; but its power of destroying infection is more than doubtful.

A CHEAP FILTER.—Put a piece of sponge at the bottom of a large flower-pot, and fill the pot three-quarters full with clean, sharp sand and small pieces of charcoal, mixed in equal parts. Lay upon this mixture a piece of linen or woollen cloth, so as to hang over the sides. The water poured through this will come out at the bottom clean and pure. The cloth must be kept clean, and the sand and charcoal, as well as the sponge, washed and occasionally changed.

A GOOD REMEDY.—Blistered feet from long walking—Rub the feet, at going to bed, with spirits mixed with tallow, dropped from a lighted candle into the palm of the hand.

THE three following receipts will be found to make good and exceedingly cheap ink for common use:—

Black Ink.—One ounce of prussiate of potash, one ounce of muriate of iron, and one quart of water.

Blue Ink.—To the foregoing ingredients add a quarter of an ounce of oxalic acid.

Red Ink.—Take all the ingredients as stated above for blue ink, and add a quarter of an ounce of lake liquor.

FOR WARTS.—Dissolve as much common washing soda as the water will take up; wash the warts with this for a minute or two, and let them dry without wiping. Another way is to get a little bullock's gall, and keep it in a bottle; rub a little on the warts two or three times a day, and in a short time they will disappear.

LIP SALVE.—Spermaceti ointment half an ounce, balsam of Peru one quarter of a drachm. Mix. It is not *couleur de rose*, but it will *cure*—often with but a single application. Apply a thin coating with the forefinger just before going into bed.

CONTRIBUTED RECEIPTS.

WINE CAKES.—Half pound butter, half pound flour, three-quarters pound sugar, and two eggs; beat well together, and drop upon tins with a teaspoon. A few chopped almonds is a great improvement. M. R.

NICE SODA CAKE.—One pound flour, quarter pound ground rice, half pound currants, half pound butter, half pound sugar, quarter pound candied peel, and a teaspoonful carbonate of soda. Mix with half a pint of cold milk and two eggs. Bake two hours. E. L.

IMPROVEMENT IN STARCHING.—Take two ounces of white gum Arabic powder, put it into a pitcher, and pour on it a pint or more of boiling water (according to the degree of strength required), and then having covered it let it stand all night. The next day pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of this gum-water stirred into a pint of starch that has been made in the usual manner will give lawns (either white, black, or printed) a look of newness when nothing else can restore them after washing. It is also good, much diluted, for thin white muslin and bobbinet.

I have constantly made starch in the manner described, and always succeeded in making shirt-collars, etc., stiff and glossy-looking. S. D.

Editors' Table.

BIBLE PHOTOGRAPHS OF WOMEN.

"MIRIAM, THE PROPHETESS."

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed, and Israel is free."

THE Bible has a wonderful distinctness in its delineations of human character. The Divine Light (of which the effect of the Sun in limning the photograph seems a faint illustration) produces by a single impression, the characteristics of the man or woman who stands under its beams of eternal truth. We feel this power of holy inspiration, and rest on its revealings with an assured conviction that the likeness is true.

There are not many women introduced in Bible history; those who are, touched by this Ithuriel spear, seem to come like revelations of what God designed as the destiny and duties of the feminine sex. Among these representative women, is one whose name is united with intellectual powers and great deeds, surpassing all others described in the old Testament, as surely as the evening star outshines her sisters of the sky—"*Miriam the prophetess.*"

The first glimpse we have of Miriam's remarkable intelligence and power of aiding the plans of Divine Providence, is when she, a little girl, watches the cradle of her baby brother Moses, as he lies helplessly exposed to his fate among the reeds of the Nile. (*Exodus*, chap. ii.) Was not Moses then, even in his helplessness, a strong tower of faith and hope to that waiting girl, who must have known that her people inherited the promises, and believed that the time of deliverance would surely come? How she must have rejoiced when the babe was saved and adopted by Pharaoh's daughter! Did not Joseph become the ruler of all Egypt? Might not her brother Moses be thus raised to honor? and then the Hebrews would be free! As Miriam "stood afar off, to witness what would become of him," and saw him saved; did she not, in her young heart, "Sing to the Lord" in the triumph of her soul, and dedicate herself to him?

Eighty years had gone by since that scene on the banks of the Nile. During these years no ray of light had broken the gloom of Egyptian bondage for the Hebrews. Now they are redeemed by the mercy of God, and, led by His servant Moses, stand free and triumphant over their enemies, who have all perished in the Red Sea. What themes for joy and gratitude to the Lord this wonderful deliverance gave that ransomed people! "The Song of Moses" seems, even now, when reading it, to shout the praises of the ever-living and true God.

It is the fitting time for the Hebrew heroine to come forth from the shadows of eighty years, since she, a little girl, watched the cradle of her brother Moses. See her stand by his side, in the full radiance of her majestic womanhood, his helper: her name joined with her brothers (*Micah* iv. 4), "Moses, Aaron and Miriam," as leaders of Israel; her assigned duty to be leader of the women: "*Miriam the prophetess.*"

What honor was hers, as the light of divine truth stamped on the holy pages of God's Book an indelible photograph of that joyous thanksgiving of praise and glory to the Lord God, when "Miriam the prophetess took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances." And Miriam answered them, "Sing ye to the LORD, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He cast into the sea!"

Yes, Miriam, a devout worshipper of the true God, had kept her faith and hope in His promises; and now, at the age of ninety years, she seems endowed with the full powers of her mind and health, most probably was in the full possession of that oriental comeliness, "where all that's best of dark and bright, meet in her aspect and her eyes." No Queen on her throne ever had such a glorious triumph as Miriam then enjoyed.

Another year goes by, and what a change has passed over the character and condition of "Miriam, the prophetess!" Alas for the greatness of woman's mind, if her heart is not right in the sight of God. This leader of the women of Israel, this sister and helper of Moses, this woman, whose magnificent presence was the pride and glory of the whole host, whose counsel was the guide, and example the pattern for her sex—has fallen from her high estate! She has "spoken against" her brother Moses; she has sinned against the Lord, and, by His command, she is "shut out from the camp." Behold her there, under the rebuke of God, *Miriam, the "leprous, white as snow!"* (*Numbers* xii.)

The cause of this mournful calamity, involving Aaron, the high priest, in its awful sin of attempting to degrade his brother, and thus destroy or dishonor the authority of God, who had appointed Moses as ruler of Israel, the cause was in the feminine heart which craves love, the kindred and household affections, as its sum of earthly happiness. Miriam must have loved her brother Moses with the deep yearning of motherly tenderness, as well as with the sister's fond sympathy and pride in his greatness; and "*he had married an Ethiopian woman.*"

It is a hard struggle for the loving mother to give up the first place in the heart of her son, even to his beloved and loving wife; it is a sore trial to the single sister, who has clung to the idea of her good brother's affection and protection as her own tower of strength, to find a rival, perhaps an inferior, or unsuitable woman, come as his wife, between the kindred ties, and sever him from his own family. But this appointment is from the Lord: "A man shall leave his father and his mother and cleave to his wife; and they shall be one flesh." (*Genesis* ii. 24.) Miriam should have considered this divine appointment, and reflected that if her brother was not happily married, it was her duty to help him bear his burden of domestic disappointment.

The wife of Moses does not, in truth, seem to have been a congenial companion for him (*Exodus* iv.), or suited to his condition, when the Lord exalted him from a fugitive and a shepherd to be "a god to Pharaoh," and the deliverer of the Hebrews. But these things did not make void the Creator's primary law of marriage. Zipporah was the true wife of Moses; and if Miriam, with her wonderful gifts and influence, had brightened her brother's lot with her cheering sympathy, and been submissive in her duty to the Lord, what a portrait of perfect womanly excellence she would have reflected on the mirror of the single sisterhood! Now, there are spots on the sun of her fame, and her last photograph has left a warning for all her sex.

THE AUTOGRAPH BEDQUILT.

We have lately received a pleasant letter from a young lady of Rhode Island, who is forming a curious and valuable collection of autographs in an original and very womanly way; the design is to insert the names in a counterpane or bedquilt.

Each autograph is written, with common black ink, on a diamond shaped piece of white silk (placed over a diagram of white paper and basted at the edges), each piece the centre of a group of colored diamonds, formed in many instances, from "storied" fragments of dresses which were worn in the olden days of our country. For instance, there are pieces of a pink satin dress which flaunted at one of President Washington's dinner parties; with other relics of those rich silks and stiff brocades so fashionable in the last century.

The whole number of pieces required is 2780; of these, 556 are to contain autographs. The novel idea of the quilt has found such warm favor in the hearts of those whom the young Needle-artist has addressed, that she has already obtained *three hundred and fifty autographs*, many of these from men highly distinguished in the literary, political, scientific, and military history of the present century. We will name a few of these renowned contributors: Humboldt, Bunsen, Walter Savage Landor, Louis Blanc, Kossuth, Washington Irving, Prescott, Benton, Choate; six American Presidents, viz., Van Buren, Tyler, Filmore, Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln: while many have contributed, upon the little white silk diagram, characteristic sentiments or verses. To give a specimen, one poet has written this comforting distich:—

"Dream what thou wilt
Beneath this quilt,
My blessing still is—Yours,"
N. P. Willis.

In short, we think this autograph bedquilt may be called a very wonderful invention in the way of needlework. The mere mechanical part, the number of small pieces, stitches neatly taken and accurately ordered; the arranging properly and joining nicely 2780 delicate bits of various beautiful and costly fabrics, is a task that would require no small share of resolution, patience, firmness, and perseverance. Then comes the intellectual part, the taste to assort colors and to make the appearance what it ought to be, where so many hundreds of shades are to be matched and suited to each other. After that we rise to the moral, when human deeds are to live in names, the consideration of the celebrities, who are to be placed each, the centre of his or her own circle! To do this well requires a knowledge of books and life, and an instinctive sense of the fitness of things, so as to assign each name its suitable place in this galaxy of stars or diamonds.

Notwithstanding the comprehensive design we are attempting to describe, we have no doubt of its successful termination. The letter of the young lady bears such internal evidence of her capability, that we feel certain she has the power to complete her work if her life is spared. And when we say that she has been nearly eight years engaged on this quilt, and seems to feel now all the enthusiasm of a poetical temperament working out a grand invention that is to be a new pleasure and blessing to the world, we are sure all our readers will wish her success. Who knows but that in future ages, her work may be looked at like the Bayeux Tapestry, not only as a marvel of women's ingenious and intellectual industry; but as affording an idea of the civilization of our times, and also giving a notion of the persons as estimated in history.

In the days of Queen Matilda, the great men could not write even their names, and all that we can bring of those old warriors to our minds is the style of their armor and the shape of their lances. Now, when brain predominates in the estimation of the world, over thrusts and blows, a more fitting idea of carrying the illustrious to posterity is a specimen of their hand-writing, particularly when this is used to perpetuate any of their thoughts, and devoted to the service of a lady.

We think our readers who have not time for such a great undertaking as this photograph counterpane, might make some interesting collections in a smaller way. A young lady might, by limiting her plan to scores instead of hundreds of names, soon obtain enough of these lettered diamonds to make a sofa-cushion, a cover for a small table, or some other ornamental design. For this purpose we give a pattern illustrative of the form of the diagram (see Work Table Department, page 387); this, with our description, will, we trust, enable any lady who has a love for the needle and the pen to achieve success.

A NEW POETESS.

Jean Ingelow, a young English woman, has, on her first appearance in print, had the remarkable success of taking a high rank among British poets. The critics are unanimous in her praises, and prophesy much for her future. One reviewer calls her "the coming woman," and thinks she will excel even Miss Browning's poetic genius. We consider her fervent piety, as she breathes out her soul in adoration of God her Saviour, one of the surest indications that Jean Ingelow will sustain worthily the high promise her productions have given. That she resembles Miss Browning in this religious order of soul is true; and even excels her in the clearness and tenderness of its expression, one short extract will show; it is from "*Honors*," in the poems lately published.

"And didst thou love the race that loved not Thee,
And didst thou take to heaven a human brow?
Dost plead with man's voice by the marvellous sea?
Art thou his kinsman now?

O God, O kinsman loved, but not enough!
O man, with eyes majestic after death,
Whose feet have toiled along our pathway rough,
Whose lips drew human breath!

By that one likeness which is ours and thine,
By that one nature which doth hold us kin,
By that high heaven where, sinless, thou dost shine,
To draw us sinners in.

By thy last silence in the judgment hall,
By long foreknowledge of the deadly tree,
By darkness, by the wormwood and the gall,
I pray thee, visit me.

Come, lest this heart should, cold and cast away,
Die ere the guest adored she entertain—
Lest eyes that never saw thy earthly day
Should miss thy heavenly reign.

And deign, O watcher, with the sleepless brow,
Pathetic in its yearning—deign reply:
Is there, oh! is there ought that such as Thou
Wouldst take from such as I?

Are there no briers across thy pathway thrust?
Are there no thorns that compass it about?
Nor any stones that thou wilt deign to trust
My hand to gather out?

Oh! if thou wilt, and if such bliss might be,
It were a cure for doubt, regret, delay—
Let my lost pathway go—what aileth me?
There is a better way.

Far better in its place the lowliest bird
Should sing aright to Him the lowliest song,
Than that a seraph strayed should take the word,
And sing His glory wrong."

LETTER WRITING.

We have had several inquiries made concerning the best mode of letter writing, with the request for information where to find the best book on the subject. The last query we cannot answer, as we never had such a work and never saw one worth having. What a letter should be was long ago described in quaint and rather general terms, it is true, but we can give nothing better suited to the subject. It is an extract from the letters of James Howell, an English author, who died in 1666; so the advice has the stamp of time and the authority of age.

"It was a quaint difference the ancients did put 'twixt a letter and an oration; that this one should be attired like a woman, the other like a man; the latter of the two is allowed large side-robes as long periods, parentheses, similes, examples, and other parts of rhetorical flourishes; but a letter or epistle should be short-coated and closely couched; a hungerlin (a short, scanty coat) becomes a letter more handsomely than a gown. Indeed, we should write as we speak, and that's a true familiar letter which expresseth one's mind, as if he were discoursing with the party to whom he writes in short and succinct terms. The tongue and pen are both interpreters of the mind; but I hold the pen to be the more faithful of the two. The tongue, *in udo posito*, being seated in a most slippery place, may fail and falter in her sudden extemporal expressions; but the pen, having the greater advantage of premeditation, is not so subject to error. Now letters, though they be capable of any subject, are commonly either narratory, objurgatory, monitory, or congratulatory. There are some who, in lieu of letters, write homilies; they preach when they should epistolize. There are others that turn them into tedious tractats; and others that must go freighted with mere Bartholomew ware, with trite and trivial phrases only, lifted with pedantic shreds of school-boy verses."

Orthography.—Whatever might be the perfection of letter writing in the olden times, the manner of ladies' spelling a hundred years ago was not adapted for present imitation; not if we may credit the following anecdote:—

"M. Murphy used to relate the following story of Sam. Foote, the heroines of which were the Ladies Cheere, Fielding, and Hill, the last the wife of the celebrated Dr. Hill. He represented them as playing at 'I love my love with a letter.' Lady Cheere began and said, 'I love my love with an N, because he is a night;' Lady Fielding followed with, 'I love my love with a G, because he is a gustice' (justice); 'and I love my love with an F,' said Lady Hill, 'because he is a fisishun.'"

Mrs. Somerville.—While devoting so much attention to gratify and encourage our younger readers, it may be well to announce, for the satisfaction of our elderly friends, that Mrs. Somerville, now over eighty years of age, has a work on the Sciences nearly ready for publication, which is thought to be the greatest production of her justly celebrated genius.

"My Beautiful Lady."—In Macmillan's *London Magazine* there is an able review of a poem, with the above curious title, recently published, written by an eminent sculptor, who will now be known as the Poet Woolner. From the remarks of the critic we will give his ideal of love, which is, we think, one of the purest and most beautiful delineations of true love between the sexes and its humanizing and holy influences, ever written by an uninspired pen.

"Strongly emotional—yet with both passion and fancy made subordinate to its ethical purpose, the book stands out distinctly among all poems of late years, as the deification of Love. Love, regarded neither as the 'Venus Victrix' of the ancients, nor treated with the sentimental chivalry of mediæval times—or the fantastic, frivolous homage of a later age, under which lay often concealed the lowest form of the passion which can degrade manhood or insult womanhood; but love the consoler, the refiner, the purifier, the stimulator to all that is high and lovely and of good report. Love, not spread abroad among many objects—the 'episode in man's life,' as Byron terms it—(alas! he spoke but as he knew)—or the dream of mere fancy, like Shelley's:—

'In many mortal forms I rashly sought
The shadow of this idol of my thought;'

but love, strong, human, undivided, and from its very singleness the more passionately pure; the devotion of the individual man to the individual woman, who is to him the essence of all womanhood, the satisfaction of all his being's need; from whom he learns everything, and to whom he teaches everything of that secret which is the life-blood of the universe, since it flows from the heart of God himself—the Love Divine.

"This doctrine, the Christian doctrine of love, is, even in our Christian times, so dimly known and believed in, that we hail thankfully one more poet, one more man, who has the strength to believe in it, and the courage to declare it. For, God knows, it is the only human gospel which in this fast corrupting age will have power to save men and elevate women. Coventry Patmore preached it in his 'Angel in the House,' which with all its quaintnesses and peculiarities, stands alone as the song of songs, wherein is glorified the pure passion, which, if it is to be found anywhere in the world, is to be found at our English firesides—conjugal love. And though 'My Beautiful Lady' attains not that height—fate forbidding that the love of betrothal should ever become the perfect love of marriage—still, it breathes throughout the same spirit. Such books as these are the best barrier against that flood of foulness which seems creeping in upon us, borne in, wave after wave, up to our English doors by the tide of foreign literature; French novels, with their tinsel cleverness, overspreading a mass of inner corruption; and German romances, confusing the two plain lines of right or wrong with their sophistical intellectualities and sentimental affinities; or, worse than either, being a cowardly compromise between the two, that large and daily increasing section of our own popular writing, which is called by the mild term, 'sensational.'"

Vassar College.—We have letters of inquiry about this institution. Those who desire more information than is contained in our articles of the January and February numbers of the Lady's Book, might, probably, obtain "Reports" by addressing the President, M. P. Jewett, or C. Swan, Secretary; both gentlemen reside near Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Errata.—Two *misprints* are in the article on Vassar College of February—see page 199, 1st paragraph, 10th line from top: for *brought* read *taught:* next line, for *apartments* read *departments*.

Deaconesses.—In our January number we stated that whoever desired the "Report" of the Episcopal Convention on Deaconesses, and would send us an address, with red stamp inclosed, should have a copy. We have had quite a number of applications; to all these the report has been forwarded. If any person has not received the work we should like to know it. If any other of our friends desire copies and will send as specified, we shall be happy to forward this excellent report.

HINTS ABOUT HEALTH.

Sleep: and the Mouth.—There is no fact more clearly established in the physiology of man than this, that the brain expends its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness, and that these are recuperated during sleep; if the recuperation does not equal the expenditure, the brain withers—this is insanity.

1. Those who think most, who do most brain work, require most sleep.

2. That time saved from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to mind, body, and estate.

3. Give yourself, your children, your servants—give all that are under you, the fullest amount of sleep they will take, compelling them to retire at some regular hour, and

to rise the moment they wake; and within a fortnight, nature, with almost the regularity of the sun, will unloose the bands of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system. This is the only safe and sufficient rule; and as to the question how much sleep any one requires, each must be a rule for himself. Nature will never fail to write it out to the observer under the regulations just given.

Mr. George Catlin would add another rule: "Always sleep with your *mouth shut.*" In order that people may be in the habit of keeping a close mouth in their sleep, his counsel extends to our waking hours and employments:—

"Keep your mouth shut when you *read*, when you *write*, when you *listen*, when you are in pain, when you are *walking*, when you are *running*, when you are *riding*, and, *by all means*, when you are *angry*. There is no person in society but who will find, and acknowledge, improvement in health and enjoyment from even a *temporary* attention to this advice."

To our Correspondents.—The following articles are accepted: "Ruined Castles"—"Easter"—"A Day's Journey, and what came of it"—"Reading the last book of Alice B. Haven"—"Friendship's Flower"—"A Simile."

These manuscripts are respectfully declined: "Kitty's Constancy"—"Contrition" (we cannot use half the *good* poetry sent us)—"A Valentine—Acrostical, and other poems"—"Morritto, the Soldier's Bride"—"Oh, who could Blame?"—"Starry Eves"—"A Story of two Lives"—"Queer Mistakes"—"Lines addressed to a Friend"—"Not dead, but gone before"—"Eaves-dropping, and what came of it"—"My Hoosier Cousin"—"The Sons of the Forest"—"Lost Hopes"—"All Alone"—"Glimpses"—"The World is my Cross"—"Be Hopeful"—"Fishing for Compliments"—"Lamenting for the Dead"—"Last Moments"—"Lines" (we are sorry that we have not room)—"The Emigrant"—and "All about Myself."

Other articles on hand we shall notice next month.

We have returned all articles for which stamps were sent.

Literary Notices.

From Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia:—

HISTORY OF CHARLES THE BOLD, *Duke of Burgundy.* By John Foster Kirk. We have received the first and second volumes of this work. It is not so much a history of Charles the Bold as of the period in which he lived, the epoch from which dates the overthrow of feudalism. The author gives us a succinct account of the first half of the fifteenth century, preceding the birth of Charles, when feudalism was at the height of its power; while in the history of the great cotemporary and rival of Charles, Louis the Eleventh, which is necessarily included in the work, are involved the first checks which feudalism received, and which were the precursors of its final destruction. Mr. Kirk gives the reader a more favorable view of the character of the Duke than has been usual with former historians. He also throws new light upon the rupture between Charles the Bold and the Swiss, showing that the latter were actuated more by mercenary motives than by patriotism. The work will be embraced in three volumes.

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPÆDIA. Nos. 68, 69, and 70, down to letter L. A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People, on the Basis of the latest editions of the German Conversationes Lexicon. With wood engravings and maps. The best Encyclopædia published, and only 20 cents a number.

From Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia:—

THACKERAY'S IRISH SKETCH BOOK. By W. M. Thackeray, author of "Vanity Fair," etc. etc. The recent death of this well-known author has excited fresh interest in his works. The Petersons, who ever display the happy faculty of anticipating the taste of the public, have issued the book whose title we give, in a cheap form, illustrated with numerous engravings from original designs by the author.

SALATHIEL (*the Wandering Jew*); *A Story of the Past, the Present, and the Future.* By Rev. George Croly. Those who are fond of sensational novels will soon weary of this book; for, considered as a mere novel, it has not the interest which many far inferior works have. But as an imaginative romance, remarkable for the grandeur of its descriptions, and the poetry of its language, it has few equals. All lovers of fine reading will thank the publishers for the new edition of this work.

CORINNE; *A Story of Italy.* By Madame de Staël. The elder portion of our readers need no description of this book from us. But for the benefit of the younger generation a word may not come amiss. It is a tour in Italy, mixed with a novel. It overflows with beauties, poetical, sentimental, and descriptive, yet displays a baleful trace of French perverted ideas of morality.

THE INDIAN CHIEF. By Gustave Aimard, author of "The Prairie Flower," "The Tiger Slayer," etc. Who has not regretted the drawing to a close of an interesting book, and wished that the story might spin itself out forever? Aimard more nearly gratifies his readers in this respect than any other writer we know of. Each romance is the sequel of the last, and the introduction of one to follow.

THE LIFE OF ARCHBISHOP HUGHES. Though brief and condensed, and in many respects no doubt incorrect, this little book will be received with avidity by the public, whilst waiting for a more comprehensive and reliable work.

From Frederick Leypoldt, Philadelphia:—

MUSICAL SKETCHES. By Elize Polko. Translated from the sixth German edition by Fanny Fuller. This is one of the most sparkling and vivacious of books, in which the noted singers and composers of the past are made heroes and heroines of romance, or idealized to something more than human. The translator has done her part remarkably well.

From G. W. Childs, Philadelphia:—

THE GREAT STONE BOOK OF NATURE. By David Thomas Ansted, M. A., F. R. S., etc. The author of this little volume possesses the rare art of rendering a scientific treatise not only clear, but attractive. The "Great Stone Book" is, of course, composed of the geological formations, all of which are here described in common and easy terms which the unlearned can readily understand, and yet with perfect scientific exactness. The work is illustrated with several neatly executed wood-cuts. Any one desirous of commencing the study of geology will find Mr. Ansted's volume an excellent and trustworthy manual.

THE ROLLO AND LUCY FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD BOOKS OF POETRY. *Original and Selected.* By Jacob Abbott, author of the "Rollo Books," "Franconia Stories," etc. With original engravings. Three pretty volumes of poetry for boys and girls, in which Mr. Abbott has evinced his well-known taste and judgment, and his happy faculty of meeting the requirements of his

readers, little or great. All children love rhymes, and these books are adapted to gratify this taste in a pleasing and useful way. They are intended for children of different ages, and will make admirable gift-books.

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From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., and PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

AUTOBIOGRAPHY, CORRESPONDENCE, ETC., OF LYMAN BEECHER, D. D. Edited by Charles Beecher. In two volumes. The first volume of this work, which we have received, gives the life of Dr. Beecher, with specimens of his correspondence, and extracts from his sermons, down to 1824. A sketch of the life of this ardent and thorough theologian, and genial man, could not fail to be interesting, no matter how imperfectly prepared. But the work before us is one peculiarly adapted to please, from the manner in which it is produced. It is a book which has grown to its present size and shape. Its claim to the title of autobiography springs from numerous conversations between himself and his sons and daughters, when the reminiscences and recollections of his past life were taken down as they fell from his lips. From time to time fresh information has been gathered from different sources, corrections made, and correspondence and documents added, until the whole was perfected to its present form. In this volume there are found two steel engravings, one of Dr. Beecher at the age of fifty-eight, the other copied from a portrait painted in early life. A number of the chapters have vignettes of places of interest, such as houses where he has lived, etc.

CAXTONIANA: *A Series of Essays on Life, Literature, and Manners.* By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart., author of "The Caxtons," etc. That Bulwer must have had plenty of intellectual material with which to form his Caxton novels, is now evident from the fact that the waste material, the odds and ends and little three cornered pieces left, after cutting their pattern to the full size, have been found, when gathered up, to form a respectable volume of themselves. The contents of this volume are in the shape of essays elaborated from ideas suggesting themselves during the writing of the famous novels above mentioned, but which could not with propriety, or want of space, be incorporated in their pages. He writes shrewdly and philosophically, and like the man of the world he is.

A POPULAR HAND-BOOK OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By George Cumming McWhorter. The author of this work does not make any attempt to prove the authenticity or sanctity of the Scriptures. He takes these for granted, and proceeds to give such information as he has been able to gather from all sources within his reach, concerning the various writers of the New Testament, and the circumstances under which the different books were written. This has been very carefully and efficiently done.

HARPERS' PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION. No. 6. It contains, among other embellishments, a very large colored map of the Southern States, worth twice the price of the number. Every one should have a copy of this valuable work.

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From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through ASHMEAD & EVANS, successors to W. P. HAZARD, Philadelphia:—

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THEODORE PARKER, Minister of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society, Boston. By John Weiss. In two volumes. This is a comprehensive and minute account, first of the family, and then of Theodore Parker himself, the man who, from his political and religious bases, made hosts both of ardent friends and admirers, and of uncompromising enemies. The work is carefully prepared, and all who feel interested in the life of this man, will find everything to satisfy their curiosity and meet their approval. The first volume has a fine steel plate engraving of the subject of the work, copied from a Daguerreotype taken in 1853. The second volume displays opposite its title-page a beautiful engraving of a marble bust executed by W. W. Story. Both volumes are illustrated by wood engravings of various places whose connection with some period of Mr. Parker's life has rendered interesting.

THIRTY POEMS. By William Cullen Bryant. Under this rather prosaic title the great American poet has issued a new volume of 210 pages. Most of the poems which make up the book are small, ranging from six to ten stanzas; but the three entitled "Sella," "The Fifth Book of the Odyssey," and "The Little People of the Snow" are exceptions, together occupying nearly one half of the volume. Almost all of the minor pieces have to do with Nature in all the variety of her outer aspects; but they are not merely descriptive. The effort is to show how the human heart responds to the voice of the external world, and discovers its own joy and sorrow, love and grief, reflected in the face of the great mother. The book abounds in the author's peculiar charms of sentiment and diction. Graceful and melodious, often rising into majesty or melting into pathos, it will not be found unworthy of his lofty fame.

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From DICK & FITZGERALD, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN; *or, Etiquette and Eloquence.* By a Gentleman. This lays down all the rules of etiquette to be observed at a public or private table, at parties or popular gatherings, and contains model speeches for all occasions, five hundred toasts and sentiments, and much other useful matter of a like character.

DUDLEY CARLEON; *or, The Brother's Secret.* By Miss M. E. Braddon, author of "Aurora Floyd," etc. Two or three of Miss Braddon's best novelettes are included in this volume.

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From CARLETON, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE GREAT CONSUMMATION. *The Millennial Rest; or, The World as it will be.* By the Rev. John Cumming, D. D., F. R. S. E., Minister of the Scottish National Church, Crown Court, Covent Garden; author of "The Great Tribulation," etc. Second Series. The first series of this work has already been received and read by a large number on this side the Atlantic, and the way is therefore prepared for the volume now before us. It contains nineteen lectures all relating to the general subject.

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From J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston:—

CUDJO'S CAVE. By J. T. Trowbridge, author of "The Drummer Boy," "Neighbor Jackwood," etc. Mr. Trowbridge has already gained celebrity by his writings; this last work will give him a wider reputation. The scene is laid in Tennessee, in the beginning of the war excitement, and gives terrible pictures of the stormy passions of men and the sad scenes enacted. Still, the book is written in better style and with less of the disgusting display of wicked and cruel deeds than most of this kind of publications. The descriptions of natural scenery are vivid and often beautiful, and noble characters and lovely works of mercy are brought out on the dark canvas of civil war; and "Cudjo's Cave" will be a favorite book for boys. It is beautifully printed.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

APRIL, 1864.

GODEY for April opens with a semi-humorous but beautiful engraving of "Keeping Company," with a good story to illustrate it. A splendid Fashion-plate, with six colored figures. A Tidy, printed in colors; and the engraving suitable to the times—"A Drum Minor," not "Major."

One of our illustrations on wood is from the celebrated house of Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co., of New York. One from Brodie's great cloak depot, and the others are our own selections for the spring season—Headdresses and Bodices. The number is full of variety of engravings, stories, and poetry.

RAISE OF PRICES.—We shall soon be obliged again to advance our rates, as paper is steadily going up. Already the second advance has been made since we issued our prospectus for this year. Our low terms for 1864 were owing to the fact that for one month, and for that month only, the price of our paper was slightly reduced.

AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE.—One day last month a very fine looking, middle-aged gentleman stepped into our sanctum and announced himself as Commodore ———, late Lieutenant ———. "I owe you $15, Mr. Godey, for subscription to the Lady's Book. The debt occurred many years since, but I have neglected from time to time, though always intending, to pay it." We inquired where it had been sent. "Oh, everywhere," he replied. "When did you get your last bill?" "In 1843," was the answer. "We cannot find any account against you." "It is no matter," he said, "I owe you the money, and there it is." We accepted it, and donated it to that admirable institution, "The Foster Home Association."

THE FOSTER HOME ASSOCIATION.—We will receive donations for this establishment. Were its merits better known, every one would be willing to subscribe for it. It receives children whose parents cannot get work with the incumbrance of their offspring. It educates, clothes, and feeds them. Many of the children of our soldiers are now supplied by its bounty. The price of everything has so increased that the managers find themselves a little in want of funds. Any sums will be thankfully received and passed over to the institution by the publisher of the Lady's Book.

TO WRITERS.—Accompany your articles with short letters. If the story or poetry is good, it is well; but if not, long letters do no good.

DIRECTIONS FOR WRITING LETTERS.—If you write on business, and about anything for the book, write on separate sheets, so that they may be separated, and each portion handed to the persons to whose departments the subjects may belong. Frequently poetry is sent us in letters ordering Lady's Book, commenced on the back of the business page. We have not time to copy it, and therefore it is filed away with business letters, and no notice taken of it. So photographs and Lady's Books are often mixed up. Write on each subject on separate sheets. Two sheets of paper will only cost three cents postage.

JAY COOKE, ESQ., has brought to a successful termination the 5-20 $500,000,000 loan—has sold the whole of it at par. We venture to say that no other man in this country could have so effectually disposed of this loan. It is owing to his sterling character, his well-known and characteristic politeness, and his indomitable energy, government has been saved some millions of dollars in this transaction. We do not mean to say that the government could not have disposed of it. No doubt they could; but would they have realized as much? In the first place, had it been advertised to be sold to the highest bidders, so large an amount would not have brought par. It would have been taken at from 96 to 98. Then suppose the authorities at Washington had disposed of it after the manner of Mr. Cooke. Would it then have realized so much? We all know what government officials are. There would no doubt have been some *errors* in the figures. The Secretary of the Treasury chose his man for his personal worthiness and fitness for the trust, and the result shows how eminently just was his choice.

A YEAR ago I sent you nineteen subscribers, and I now send you twenty-seven. Your Book coming to us regularly once a month makes us fond of it. When our husbands and fathers tell us, with long faces, that times are hard, and we must retrench, we never think of giving up the Lady's Book. A. L., *Ohio.*

MUSIC RECEIVED.—We have received the following from Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, New York, and O. Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.:—

Sweet little Nell. Song and chorus.
Dost thou ever think of me, Love? Solo and chorus
Dance Music. Les Lanciers.
Foster's Melodies:—
Wilt Thou be True?
When old Friends were here.
If you 've only got a Moustache.
Mr. and Mrs. Brown. Comic duett.
Weep no more for Lily.
The Sweetest Flower. Song and chorus.
Hymn of the Nation.
Angel Mary. A ballad.

Also from W. W. Whitney, Toledo, Ohio, the following:—

The Realm of the West. Song and chorus.
We 'll Conquer or Die. " "
Oh, touch not my Sister's portion " "
Price of each piece, 25 cents.

From C. C. Clapp & Co., Boston:—

The Printer's Polka. Dedicated to the Printers throughout the United States.

WARNER, MISKEY, & MERRELL.—These very worthy gentlemen, engaged in the manufacture of gas chandeliers, lamps, and other fixings, have added a fourth to their party in the person of Mr. B. Thackara, for twenty years with the house of Messrs. Cornelius & Baker. Success to the new firm. If any person is in want of any article in their line let them call at No. 718 Chestnut Street.

OUR NEEDLES.—New subscribers are informed that we furnish 100 of the best needles of all sizes for 30 cents, and a three cent stamp to pay return postage. We have sold millions of these needles, and they have given great satisfaction. They are the diamond drilled-eyed needles, and of the best English manufacture.

A LADY wishes to know how to frost cakes in a fanciful manner, in raised flowers, etc. Also full instructions in Grecian painting.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

Stephen C. Foster.—Just after closing our last month's "Column," we had intelligence of the death of this most popular American ballad composer. Stephen C. Foster died at the early age of 38, not after he had outlived his fame, but while his songs, new and old, were still eagerly sought after by nearly every nation under the sun. In his productions there is nothing grand or imposing, but a sweet simplicity that touches all hearts. Few, indeed, can resist this element in his melodies. In the April number of Holloway's *Musical Monthly* we publish a charming new ballad composed expressly for us by the lamented author. Below we enumerate some of Mr. Foster's best recent songs and ballads, with prices attached.

Opera at the Academy.—Not since the first brilliant winter which inaugurated Opera at the Academy have we had such a constant musical domination as during the season now closing. In our January "column" we predicted a brilliant winter, and brilliant it has been. We then spoke of what was in store; and now, as we write, Anschutz's German Troupe is again with us, performing The Merry Wives of Windsor, Faust, Wagner's Tannhauser, etc. And, as if all this were not surfeiture sufficient, we are having the Richings Opera Troupe again in English Opera, Maritana, The Enchantress, etc., at one of the city theatres. Surely, when the dearth comes again it will be painful to bear.

Holloway's Musical Monthly.—The April number of our Monthly is another fine one, containing a new Nocturne composed for the Monthly by a new contributor; a touching new ballad, also composed expressly for the Monthly by the late Stephen C. Foster; and a sparkling melody from Nicolai's new and sprightly Opera, *The Merry Wives of Windsor.* This is the fourth operatic selection we have already given our subscribers this year, all from the new and successful operas; and we have others in preparation. Next month we shall give one of these, a beautiful ballad, What Joy to Listen, from Balfe's *Armorer of Nantes.* Were it but for the Opera music alone which it contains, Holloway's *Musical Monthly* would be a profitable investment to every lover of music. More than three dollars' worth of this class of music is given during the year. So also of the songs and ballads; and of the polkas and other dance music; and of the rondos, transcriptions, and variations. Terms of the Monthly $3 00 per annum in advance. Four copies $10 00. We also repeat the offer made last month to send four monthly numbers to any address on receipt of $1 00. All who wish the year complete, however, should send in the year's subscription at once, as the early numbers are nearly exhausted. Address, J. Starr Holloway, Publisher, Box, Post Office, Philadelphia.

Foster's New Ballads.—We can also send any of the following on receipt of price. Larry's Good Bye; beautiful Irish Ballad, 30 cents. Was my Brother in the Battle, 25. There was a Time, 30. Bring my Brother back to Me, 25. The Soldier's Home, 30. I'll be a Soldier, 25. The Love I Bear to Thee, 25. Jenny's coming o'er the Green, 25. I'll be Home to-morrow, 25. No Home, No Home, 25. Lizzie Dies to Night, 25. Little Belle Blair, 25. Nell and I, 25. Little Jenny Dow, 25. Merry Little Birds are We, 25.

We have just published Gov. Stone's Grand March with lithographic portrait, a spirited and beautiful piece of music, by Geo. E. Fawcette. Sent free on receipt of 50 cents. Address, J. Starr Holloway.

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Story of a Legacy.—The *University Magazine* contains an amusing "Digressive Essay on Wills," in which are related numerous examples of curious wills. The following is a specimen:—

"In the year 1796 the following strange circumstance occurred in connection with a will. Two gentlemen, who had been left executors to a friend, on examining the property, found a scrap of paper, on which was written, 'Seven hundred pounds in Till.' This they took in the literal sense, searched his office and all the other apartments carefully, but in vain. They sold his collection of books to a bookseller near the Mews, and paid the legacies in proportion to the sum realized. The singularity of the circumstance occasioned them frequently to converse about it; and at last it flashed across one of them that amongst the books sold more than seven weeks before there had been a folio edition of Tillotson's Sermons. The probability of this being what was alluded to by the word 'Till' on the piece of paper, made him immediately call on the bookseller who had bought the books, and ask him if he had still the edition of Tillotson which had been included in his purchase. On his reply in the affirmative, and the volumes being handed down, the gentleman immediately rebought and carried them home. On carefully examining the leaves he found the bank notes singly disposed in various places, to the amount of £700. But what is perhaps no less remarkable, the bookseller informed him that a gentleman at Cambridge, to whom he had sent one of his catalogues, finding he had this edition on sale, had written and desired it might be sent to him, which was accordingly done, and the parcel forwarded by carrier. The books not pleasing the gentleman, they were returned, and had remained on a shelf in the shop up to the period of this singular recovery."

Orders for the Lady's Book are now filled at once. Some little delay occurred in the early part of the year, owing to the increased demand, treble that of any preceding year. The Lady's Book can now boast of publishing a larger number, and gives greater satisfaction, than any magazine in the United States, and the demand is still increasing. We have eight power-presses running constantly upon the Lady's Book only.

I send you $15 for nine copies of your excellent Book. I have been a subscriber for three years, and have now exerted myself and have succeeded in getting up a club that others might be benefited by your incomparable work. Mrs. E., *Pa.*

A Correspondent wrote us to know what use she could make of her old cotton spools. She is answered by the following:—

We make "What-nots" of them. The spools are fastened together by running an iron rod or stiff wire through them, with a screw and burr to keep them secure; both should be covered by some ornament. The shelves should be made to suit the taste of the maker. Another subscriber writes as follows:—

January, 1864.

Dear Sir: A lady subscriber having a large number of spools on hand, wishes to know what can be made of them. I have seen a very handsome What-not made of spools, and have saved them myself for that purpose.

The Lady's Book this year was a Christmas present from my husband. He certainly could not have made me a more acceptable present. It comes every month like sunshine on a cloudy day. Yours, with respect, G.

"Why," inquired an enamored youth who was riding with his sweetheart in a wagon, "are your cheeks like my ponies there." "Is it because they are red?" she inquired. "No," he replied, "because there is one of them on each side of a *waggin* tongue."

A queer old gentleman being asked what he wished for dinner, replied: "A keen appetite, good company, something to eat, and a napkin."

EXTRACTS FROM A PARIS LETTER:—

Of the excess to which the love of expenditure is carried, on the mere article of toilet, it would be almost vain to give your readers any idea without a special visit to Paris, and to one or other of our fashionable mantua-making establishments, where the art of dress is carried to its utmost degree of perfection. At one of these, in the Rue de la Paix, frequented by most of the court circle, twenty-six dresses were a few days ago prepared for the Empress Eugenie; and as the occasion seemed a special one, and worthy of being commemorated, the lady *clientes* of the establishment were apprised, that by coming to the rooms on a certain morning, these Imperial dresses might be viewed, preparatory to being sent off to her Majesty at the Tuileries. Accordingly a *matinée*—what shall I call it? "*artistique*," perhaps, might serve the term—took place, and many a female brain was set to work, and many a vain desire probably fanned into flames, by the wondrous spectacle of so many folds of satins, tulles, and velvets, displayed and draped in the taste for which the heads of the illustrious house in question are so renowned. "What is done with these dresses?" I ventured to inquire of one of the presiding priestesses of this temple of fashion. "Does the Empress try them all on?" Upon which the exact manner in which such an important event as the arrival at Court of twenty-six dresses was conducted was described minutely, and, as the ceremonial is curious as well as new, I am tempted to impart some of my information for the benefit of my countrywomen. A saloon, adjoining the Empress's dressing-room, is lighted up as if for a reception. Her Majesty, with her hair already dressed, proceeds to try on the dresses one after another, changing the *coiffeur* according to the *toilette* to be next tried on, and suggesting any alterations or changes to be effected, and so the work is got through, not without trouble and loss of time, it will be seen; for such an afternoon's work, begun about three o'clock, is rarely terminated much before eight, when, we may suppose, exhausted nature must require rest and refreshment. Is it wonderful if, after so much labor and study, the Empress of the French stands pre-eminent over all other women and female sovereigns in the art of dress?

A few days ago a gentleman gave a dinner at the Café de Foire Gras. It was a "diner de luxe" potage à la bisque, filet de saumon à la belle financée, pâté de sanglier en saphi, canard sauvage sauce orange—so every one was got up in his best clothes. Host takes his seat at the table in the gorgeous cabinet, chastely decorated with cupids and their female relations, not overdressed, and containing that piano from which we have heard such charming music perhaps towards the lesser hours. Well, host sits down and tells them to serve dinner. Enter active waiter with potage, who runs up against a chair, and helps host plentifully to bisque on the back of his coat. Waiter desolated—host elevated—a row ensues. "Monsieur," says the waiter, "I am a pig, and an unhappy pig! yet, if Monsieur, who seems so amiable (Monsieur had been swearing like a drum-major), will permit it, I can remedy the ill. Happily my brother is a *degrisseur*, actually in the street where Monsieur dines. If Monsieur would give the coat, all should be arranged in ten minutes." Host consents; takes off his coat—in pocket of which are purse and cigar case—and sits down to eat his dinner in a nice warm Inverness cape. Dinner comes, and is eaten—dessert, coffee, chasse—but no coat! Landlord sent for, and says he only hired waiter *en supplement* for the day, and knows nothing of him. Party breaks up, and host, having borrowed money to pay the "addition," goes coatless to bed. Nemesis, however, took him on Friday to dine at another café, where he discovered and arrested the garçon, who was found to have whole wardrobes of coats in pledge at the Mont-de Piété.

TO POETS.—Having so much poetry at present on hand, we must be allowed this year to use some of it; therefore, during 1864, we cannot send the Lady's Book in payment for poetical contributions.

WHAT is the difference between a nutmeg melon and a lady who has been shut up by her parents, to prevent her from making a runaway match? There is only the difference of a comma—one is a *cantelope*, and the other a *can't elope*.

A LADY in this city has three splendid paintings by Frankenstein for sale: "Scene on the Ohio," and two views of the White Mountains. For particulars, address Publisher Lady's Book. Mr. Frankenstein, it may be remembered, is the artist who painted the celebrated panorama of Niagara Falls.

A PUN about Prince Alfred is current in New York. It is this: "Why would not his Royal Highness, Prince Alfred, have anything to do with foreign Greece?" The answer is, "Because his Royal Highness preferred his native *Ile*."

PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

SOME three years ago, when I used to be a young lady, my mother had a girl whose eccentricities would fill a volume. One bitter cold winter night, a couple of gentlemen called. Instead of showing them into the back parlor where there was a warm fire and bright gas, she ushered them into the front one, and left them in the cold and the dark! Imagine their state of mind, if you can, especially as the minutes rolled away and no one came to relieve them. For, to cap the climax, she told no one of their arrival; so there they sat, until father, happening to pass through the hall, heard voices, and with a thought of burglars rushed in to oust them. The faces of all parties would have been delightful to see at that moment. C.

POSTAGE on the Lady's Book, according to the late law passed last winter.

Section 36.—Postage on Godey's Lady's Book, 24 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly in advance, at the Post-office where the Book is received.

News dealers may receive their packages at the same rates, that is, 2 cents for each copy of the magazine, and may pay separately for each package as received.

MISSING NUMBERS.—If any subscriber fails to receive a copy of *Harper* or *Arthur*, they must write to the publisher of the magazine not received—Harper in New York, Arthur in Philadelphia. We pay the money over as soon as received, to the publisher of the magazine ordered, and the numbers are sent from their respective offices.

"YOU may insert," says an exchange, "a thousand things in a newspaper, and never a word of approbation from the readers; but just let a paragraph slip in, even by accident, of one or two lines not suited to their taste, and you will be sure to hear of it."

Just so with poetry. If we happen to publish an article that has previously been published, written by some one who is known, perhaps well in her own State and no other, one half the ladies in the State will write us on the subject, to the great benefit of the post-office department.

TWO POEMS TO A SLEEPING INFANT.

BY A DOTING PARENT.

I.

(*Time—Summer Afternoon.*)

SLEEP on, fair child! Thy dreaming soul
Will never know a sleep so sweet
In those swift years which soon shall roll
Upon thy life with flying feet.

In calm repose of head and heart
Thy slumbers softly may be passed;
No stormy waves of passion start,
No pangs thy bosom overcast.

How still she sleeps! That rippling breath,
Which just disturbed her placid mouth,
Came on my cheek in whispers low,
Like warm winds wafted from the south.

When the long day has worn its way
From gray of dawn to gray of eve,
Thy eyes can woo sweet slumber's sway
With not a sorrow to deceive.

But I, alas! with wounded heart
Must watch in pain the night decline;
From weary day my eyelids part—
To weary night their tears resign.

On me no sunshine seems to smile;
Mid pain and passion, want and care,
At love and pleasure I revile,
And seem to breathe a poisoned air.

But thou, fair infant! never knew
The cold neglect which hardens hearts;
On thy pale forehead falls the dew
Of love's fresh kisses, passion's starts.

Sleep! sleep! I will not wake thee now.
I would my soul like thine were young.
May thy child-heart, that beats so low,
With sorrow's anguish ne'er be wrung.

II.

(*Time—Midnight.*)

Yes, go to sleep, thou squalling child!
My noise-racked brain can find no rest;
Sweet silence on me ne'er hath smiled
Since with *thy* smiles my hearth was blessed.

But now, those eyes, with tears begrimed,
Have closed in sleep—that "sweet restorer;"
While on thy nurse's lips a prayer
That thou wilt not awake to bore her.

'Tis true, with many a kick and squall,
And flirt and jerk, thou didst thy best
To kick the bed-clothes to the wall,
And spoil thy nurse's needed rest.

But now thy efforts all are o'er;
Thou shalt not moan, nor howl, nor frolic,
For one long hour, or may-be more,
Shalt not be troubled with the colic.

That tufted hair that crowns thy skull
(No bigger than a goose's egg),
In sweet revenge I fain would pull—
But no, thy pardon I must beg.

For art thou not "THE BABY"? Who
Durst break *his* sceptre, or cast down
For private griefs or sore ado
The might of *his* majestic crown?

No! no! I must not say a word.
Perhaps I'll live to pass the ordeal.
Nurse! when the "darling baby" wakes,
Give it ten drops of "Godfrey's Cordial."

A TIMID maid would keep her heart's first great secret. She cannot bear that the sharp day-beams should smite the scented night-violet of her love.

THE CULTIVATION OF FLOWERS.

THERE is no employment which affords so much gratification, for the slight amount of labor and time required, as the cultivation of flowers. The most humble cottager, unless deficient in the most simple conceptions of beauty, must have his flower-pot, and one or more varieties of flowers. The enthusiastic amateur is no longer content to receive his novelties at second-hand, and can now, thanks to the liberal postal arrangements, receive packages of seeds, bulbs, and plants, not exceeding four pounds in weight, direct from the great centre of Horticulture in this country, at the trifling cost of eight cents per pound.

We have been engaged for several years past in distributing seeds and plants throughout the country with the most gratifying results, and have received the most flattering letters from our customers as to the superior quality of the seeds, the careful manner in which the plants have been packed, etc. etc.

We have prepared the following assortments of flower-seeds, all of which have been selected of the most choice and beautiful varieties, which will be mailed to the address of any one making a remittance. *Correspondents* will please write their names legibly, and in full, with post-office, county, and State.

No. 1.—Twenty-five choice annuals, free bloomers,	$1 00
" 2.—Twenty choice annuals, biennial and perennial varieties,	1 00
" 3.—Twelve new and rare varieties,	1 00
" 4.—Twenty varieties, for green-house culture,	3 00
" 5 —One hundred varieties, including many new and rare sorts,	8 00

For directions for the cultivation of flowers, also for select lists of Seeds and Plants, including new Roses, Dahlias, Gladioli, Verbenas, etc., see *Dreer's Garden Calendar* for 1864, which will be mailed to all who inclose a postage stamp. Address

HENRY A. DREER, *Seedsman and Florist*,
714 *Chestnut Street, Philada.*

A GENIUS out West has just patented a machine for making chestnuts out of sweet potatoes. He is a brother to the old gentleman who put handles to prickly pears and then sold them for currycombs.

MESSRS. J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston, have for sale all materials for the different styles of Painting and Drawing taught in their book, ART RECREATIONS. They will send a price list, if requested, and answer necessary questions, and will furnish, post paid, the book for $2 00. It teaches Pencil and Crayon Drawing, Oil Painting of every kind, Wax-work, Leather-work, Water Color Painting, and hundreds of fancy kinds of drawing, painting, etc. etc.

CONUNDRUMS:—

Why is love like a canal?

Because it is (supposed to be) a source of internal transport.

Why is a lame dog like an inclined plane?

Because it 's a slow pup. (Slope-up)

What sort of monkeys grow on grape-vines?

Gray-apes. (Grapes.)

When is charity like a top?

When it begins to hum. (To-home.)

Why are Blondin's, the tight-rope dancer, performances likely to be repeated?

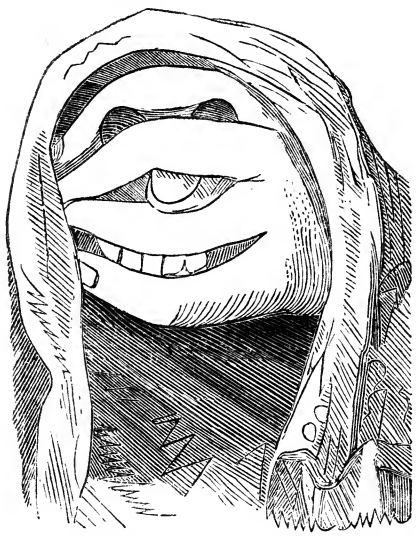
Because they are always "on cord." (Encored.)

ONCE an editor, always an editor, says the Louisville *Democrat*. There is no fever so lingering as the typhus.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

FRUIT FIGURES.

THE OLD WOMAN.



Required—Your fist; a handkerchief; two raisins, or large currants. To these you may add a few pips or pieces of nut.

Directions.—Double your fist (but keep it to yourself, please; fists are unpleasant things sometimes). Push the tip of your thumb between your second and third fingers; that will form the old woman's tongue. (Mind it is not too long.) Draw in your first finger, so that the knuckle of your second finger will form the nose. (Do not make the tip of it too red). Between the second and third fingers, at each side of the nose, place raisins or currants for eyes. (Do not make one brown and the other black). On each side of the tongue, fix pips or pieces of nut for teeth (if they are not pearly-white, never mind). Arrange over your fist a handkerchief, to form a comfortable cap or hood for the old lady, and then introduce her to the company. If she is not pleased with the young folks, they will be very pleased with her.

MISCELLANEOUS AMUSEMENTS.

MAGIC WRITING.

PRESENT a person with a slip of paper, a pen, and a tumbler of water, and desire him to dip the pen in the tumbler, and write down whatever he pleases. When dry, the words will be invisible, but, if the paper is immersed in the contents of the tumbler, the writing will make its appearance quite distinctly. To perform this the pen should be a quill one, and new, and the water in the tumbler should have one or two crystals of sulphate of iron (green vitriol) previously dissolved in it, while the writer should be careful the pen does not get dry in use. When the writing has been executed, the tumbler should be taken away, on pretence of the water being rather dirty, and wanting changing; another similar tumbler is brought back, filled to the same height with water, in which a few drops of tincture of galls have been poured. When the paper is immersed in this, the writing will quickly appear.

AN ENTERTAINING GAME.

The party are seated at a table, each having paper and pencil. One of the number writes a single word, either substantive or noun, and places it in the middle of the table. Then the company commence writing a question on a slip of paper, inserting the word given in it, and folding it up. The writer of the word collects all these questions, shakes them in a basket or bag, and delivers one to each of the party, who must write an answer under the question. Suppose the substantive is given, the writer says:

I have bought a fat goose, but my wife says it 's tough;
I will exchange it to any for a good box of snuff.

ANSWER.

Now take my advice, though you 're a General Commander,
To eat it yourself, for being such a gander.

After all the answers are written, the same person receives them, and reads them aloud.

Then the next takes his turn in performing the same as his predecessor. The interest derived in the game depends upon the company. Some very witty and scientific subjects are often cleverly handled.

THE SORCERER BEHIND THE SCREEN.

This is a somewhat singular game. One of the party is placed behind a screen in an adjoining room, where he cannot possibly see the players—or may be blindfolded. One of the party then calls out, "Do you know Miss ——?" naming a lady's name. "Yes." "Do you know her dress?" "Yes." "Her wreath, her slippers, her gloves, and her bracelets?" "Yes." "You know everything she wears?" "Yes." "Her handkerchief?" "Yes." "Her fan?" "Yes." "Well then, since you know her dress so well, tell me what article of her costume I am now touching?" If the one behind the screen is acquainted with the trick, he will of course answer directly, "her bracelet," the only article mentioned which has the word "and" before it. If the sorcerer be uninitiated he will probably mention several articles before he hits on the one touched, and for each blunder he must pay a forfeit.

When any of the players have a desire to get forfeits from any particular individual known to be ignorant of the game, two or three who know it will agree to act the sorcerer in succession, and make intended mistakes, in order to escape suspicion of confederacy. The last one who guesses right then names as his successor the one marked out to be victimized.

The Exploding Bubble.

If you take up a small quantity of melted glass with a tube (the bowl of a common tobacco-pipe will do), and let a drop fall into a vessel of water, it will chill and condense with a fine spiral tail, which being broken, the whole substance will burst with a loud explosion, without injury either to the party that holds it, or him that breaks it; but if the thick end be struck, even with a hammer, it will not break.

How to force the water contained in a plate to rise into a glass turned upside-down.

Pour some water into a plate, then light a piece of paper, and when it is well ablaze throw it into a glass, and place the glass upside-down upon the plate. The water will immediately flow up into the glass.

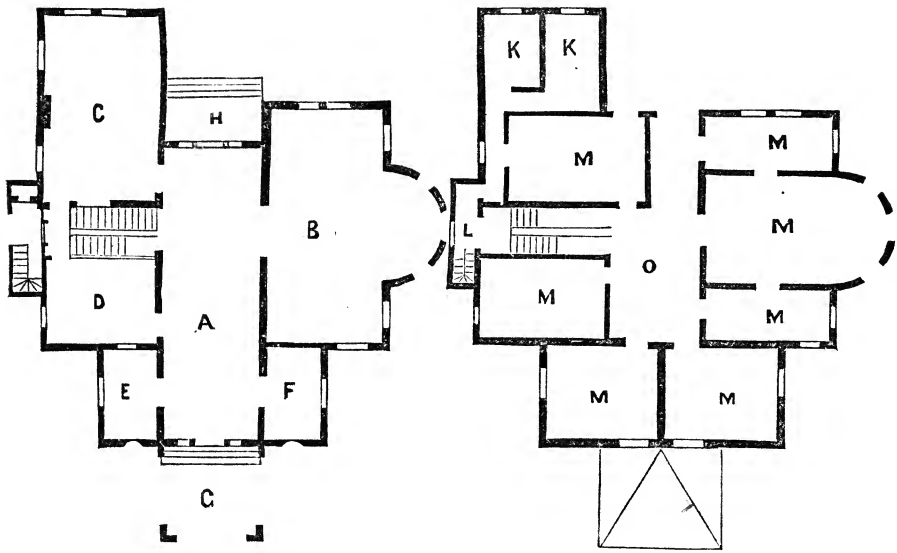
How to place a glass of water so that no person can remove it from its place without spilling its contents.

First announce your intention of placing a glass filled with water in such a position that no person can remove it without spilling its contents. You are sure to find somebody to say it is impossible. Fill a glass with water, and lay over it a piece of paper that covers the top and edges of the glass; place the palm of one hand upon the paper, and with the other hand take hold of the glass and turn it over quickly, taking care to put it on a smooth straight table; then withdraw the paper gently from between the glass and the table, and the water will remain in the glass. Of course if it is turned, and the air enters, the water will immediately run out on the table.

RURAL OR SUBURBAN RESIDENCE.

Designed expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by ISAAC H. HOBBS, *Architect, Philadelphia.*

PERSPECTIVE VIEW.



THE above design is intended for a mansion-house, and will be found a very appropriate building for a rural or suburban residence.

The design as drawn places the kitchen and servants' room in the basement. It contains a parlor B, dining-room C, D a sitting-room, A hall, E reception-room, F office or library, G carriage porch.

The second story contains seven chambers and two bedrooms for servants, with ample halls. For a gentleman of fortune the above design will be found very suitable.

THEY are very particular in England about characters given to servant girls. Here is a case, where a lady, good naturedly, but very improperly, gave a false character to a servant. She was brought before the court and found guilty. The magistrate summed up as follows:—

"In a matter of this sort I have but one duty to perform, and that is to protect the public from such false recommendations as these. In this case she (Miss Howard) has given a most excellent character to a very bad thief, who got into Mr. Boldero's service and there committed a robbery. Considering the position of the defendant, I hope the sentence I am about to pass will be a caution to her. In this case I must inflict the full penalty. I have the option of reducing the penalty, but I will not do it. I trust that this will be a warning to all persons in a similar position against giving false characters. I cannot help saying that for any one in the position of the defendant it is scandalous to commit an offence like this. No one can be safe if such things as these were to be slurred over. The full penalty of twenty pounds and ten shillings costs I must inflict; in default of payment to be imprisoned for one month. I must add that you, Mr. Boldero, have done the public a most important service in prosecuting this caae."

"ONE of the forthcoming London novelties is a musical monthly magazine."

This is mentioned as a novelty in London. We have had for some time an excellent one here—"Holloway's Musical Monthly."

HOW TO COLOR THE PHOTOGRAPH.—Messrs. J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston, have just published a little manual on the art of painting the photograph, which is for sale at the bookstores, or will be sent by them, post-paid, for 10 cents.

CATS AT SEA.—Considering how much the cat abhors cold water, our readers must often have wondered why seafaring men are so fond of taking the animal with them on a voyage. This is explained by two circumstances. Marine insurance does not cover damage done to cargo by the depredation of rats; but if the owner of the damaged goods can prove that the ship was sent to sea unfurnished with a cat, he can recover damages from the shipmaster. Again, a ship found at sea with no living creature on board is considered a derelict, and is forfeited to the Admiralty, the finders, or the Queen. It has often happened that, after a ship has been abandoned, some domestic animal—a dog, a canary bird, or most frequently a cat, from its hatred of facing the waves—has saved the vessel from being condemned as a derelict.

A BABY CAR.—"Ringbolt," the Boston *Courier's* New York correspondent, suggests that the managers of the steamboat lines running on the Sound should establish *a baby car*, and claim the originality of the idea. He says: "But I ask no other reward for the benefit that will accrue to the company than the thanks of all babydom, which you will gratefully acknowledge is my due. If it is too much to ask for a separate car at first, let the experiment be tried on a small scale. Make one end of a passenger car a nursery. Let it be separated by a cry-tight compartment. Let it be supplied with an open stove, with porringers and skillets. Let there be a locker for pap-making ingredients, and let it contain all the other infantile paraphernalia, which the fruitful wives that hang their clusters about the directors' houses will suggest to them with more force and propriety than my limits of knowledge will permit."

A CERTAIN writer boasts that he directs all his shots at error. It is all he has to shoot at, for he certainly never gets within gunshot of the truth.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Mrs. G. B. H.—Sent hair ring January 22d.

Mrs. E. W. P.—Sent articles by express 22d.

Mrs. L. R.—Sent hair rings 23d.

M. A. W.—Sent gloves 23d.

Mrs. R. M. R.—Sent sleeve protectors 26th.

Mrs. R. A. F.—Sent pattern 26th.

Miss S. A. B.—Sent hair ear-rings February 2d.

G. F. T.—Sent hair ring 2d.

Miss L. H.—Sent hair ring 2d.

Miss L. E. B.—Sent hair-work 2d.

Mrs. C. T. R.—Sent cotton 2d.

Mrs. E. J. J.—Sent hair 2d.

J. R. B.—Sent articles 4th.

M. W. M.—Sent pattern 4th.

Mrs. S. T. W.—Sent ring 5th.

Mrs. H. B.—Sent cigar-case 5th.

Mrs. M. B.—Sent pattern 6th.

A. D. B.—Sent pattern 6th.

Mrs. A. E. E.—Sent pattern slippers 6th.

K. S.—Sent pattern 6th.

Mrs. M. A. F.—Sent pattern 6th.

R. E. S.—Sent pattern 6th.

Mrs. H. S. S.—Sent box containing set of furs, by express 6th.

Rev. J. S. H.—Sent box containing wardrobe by express 6th.

Mrs. C. H. M.—Sent hair masonic mark, 8th.

A. C. W.—Sent zephyr work 8th.

Mrs. F. C. D.—Sent pattern 19th.

Mrs. L. R. W.—Sent hair-work 19th.

S. S. A.—The practice is obsolete now. It was the fashion some forty years since.

L. H.—A frock-coat is admissible anywhere.

Miss G. V. R.—Have them filled with gold. Allow nothing else to be used.

Mrs. H. D. A.—Such a dress as you mention will be found in this number.

G. A. L.—Ch means chain-stitch; Dc double crochet; L long stitch.

S. M. S.—February number, 1859, contained a masonic slipper, which we can send you for 25 cents.

Inquirer.—The impenetrable "dress shields" cost 50 cents a pair.

Alice.—We know of no style of arranging short hair except friz curls.

B. M. C.—Lead combs darken the hair; they cost $1 50, including postage.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, *the Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelops, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded

by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

The Publisher of the Lady's Book has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the Lady's Book, the Fashion editor does not know.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice. Dress goods from Evans & Co.'s; mourning goods from Besson & Son; dry goods of any kind from Messrs. A. T. Stewart & Co., New York; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from the most celebrated establishments; jewelry from Wriggens & Warden, or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR APRIL.

Fig. 1.—Dinner-dress of rich pearl-colored silk, trimmed with ornaments formed of gold-colored chenille cord and chenille drop buttons and fancy plaitings of the silk, edged with chenille cord. The corsage is in the Pompadour style, and the sleeve consists of merely a jockey. Fancy white muslin guimpe and sleeves. Black lace coiffure, with barbe ends.

Fig. 2.—Evening-dress of heavy white corded silk, made with a tunic skirt. Both skirts are edged with a narrow ruffle and puff, and trimmed with black lace leaves. The corsage is made round, and trimmed to match the skirt.

Fig. 3.—Child's dress of checked silk, trimmed with shells of imperial blue silk. Red-riding-hood sack, made of scarlet flannel, and trimmed with a plaiting of ribbon and narrow black velvet.

Fig. 4.—Walking-dress of smoke-gray poplin. Both dress and sack are trimmed with rich gimp ornaments. Chip hat, trimmed with scarlet velvet and white plumes.

Fig. 5.—Rich lilac robe silk, woven with a fancy black lace design on the skirt. Sash of white silk, trimmed with black velvet. The corsage is cut in a point both back and front, to show the fancy white muslin chemisette. The hair is rolled in front, and arranged in waterfall style, and puffs at the back. Wreath of lilac velvet flowers, with a long spray on the left side.

Fig. 6.—Walking-dress of brown alpaca, braided on the edge of the skirt with black braid. Fancy plaid wrap, trimmed with chenille fringe. Peach blossom silk bonnet, trimmed with white lace and cherries for the inside trimming.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

Spring comes slowly on, but she betrays her presence even in March, with here and there a brighter color or a sweeter hue. As the month of violets opens, these indications increase until on some fine April morning Broadway bursts suddenly into a moving *parterre* of beauty.

The store windows now present to the passers by a choice assortment of *piqués* percales, and brillantes in the soft creamy and pearl tints, besides every variety of green, cuir, lilac, and buff. Some are covered with strange looking geometrical figures, while others are powdered over with brilliant tiny plumes.

Most of the robe dresses are printed in lace-like designs; some having bands resembling an insertion, with an edge on each side; while others have barbe-like pieces arranged in fanciful designs. Another beautiful style has a deep band of a different color, with the upper edge scalloped, laid, or rather printed on the extreme edge of the skirt, and above this a very beautiful braiding design. The same design, in reduced size, is on the Zouave and sleeves.

For children, the goods are generally in white grounds covered with a delicate tracery of buds and leaves.

For promenade costume, there is nothing yet strikingly novel. We see many dresses made *en suite*, that is, dress and mantle alike. The principal colors are the different shades of mahogany, the lovely soft grays, and the so long fashionable *cuir* color. The suits are generally trimmed with chenille fringes, flat trimmings, and bias bands of plaid material, also plaid ribbons arranged in a variety of ways.

Double and triple rows of fringe are worn on silk dresses, and lace insertions are still worn. Indeed, the richest dress we have lately seen was a black silk, with a wide thread lace insertion over a white silk band with pinked edges, laid round the skirt, and carried up the front in a fanciful design.

Last year we spoke of dresses waved on the edge of the skirt, but this season they are cut in deep scallops, about the width of the hand, and bound with the same as a contrasting color.

A hint now to the economical. When your dress is soiled on the edge, cut it off and scallop it. Then underneath the scallops sew a piece of some material to make it the desired length, and cover this with one or two ruffles. The scallops must be allowed to fall partly over the ruffles, and the effect is exceedingly pretty. It is an excellent method of renovating an old dress, or a pretty style for a new one.

Some of the newest dresses have a chenille fringe, a box-plaited ruffle, or rows of black lace shells arranged on the skirt to resemble a tunic, being quite long behind and short in front.

Foulard is greatly in favor for entire suits including the parasol.

The *Directoire* body is one of the fashionable styles. It fits the figure closely at the waist, is open in front, with *revers*, like a gentleman's vest, and is fastened at the left side. The revers can be faced with either a plaid, or high-colored silk. The waist has a jockey at the back, and the whole is trimmed with long, hanging buttons.

A very elegant morning robe is cut like a casaque in front, and is fitted to the figure at the back by a large box-plait. A pretty trimming for this style of wrapper consists of straps of silk, which commence at the throat, narrow to the waist, and enlarge as they descend to the bottom of the skirt.

A very pretty suit for a little girl can be made of buff mohair, and trimmed as follows: The skirt should be cut in deep scallops and bound, then turned up on the right side like a hem, and a fancy button sewed on each scallop. A circular cape trimmed in the same manner completes a very simple and pretty promenade dress.

In plaid silks there is somewhat of a novelty. It consists of a small golden-colored dot in each square of the plaid, which gives it a rich and striking effect.

Jockeys assume a variety of forms. Sometimes they are in three pieces *à la postillon*, the centre one being the longer. Sometimes they are square and box-plaited in the centre, and fastened down with buttons. Others again have but one long point, while others are swallow-tailed.

Dresses are still made buttoned down the left shoulder to

the arm, and from thence crossing to the right side of the waist.

Besides the numerous plaid wraps at Brodie's, we find an admirable assortment of plain cloths. They are of the Spanish *cafe* and the *cafe au lait*, in all the different shades, besides a great variety of grays, generally on the pink tinge. Many of the cloths have a bias stripe of two threads crossing them, which is quite pretty. The casaques and rotundes are trimmed with flat chenille trimmings, fringes, drop buttons, and bead gimps.

Water-proof cloaks seem now to be a necessary article in a lady's wardrobe. They are generally made with the quaker style of hood, which can be pulled over the bonnet. They are buttoned all the way down the front with large black buttons stamped with butterflies, snakes, birds, grasshoppers, and other devices. The newest water-proof we have seen had a long pointed hood, a regular capuchin, trimmed with a box-plaiting of the material and two long silk tassels.

In bonnets we see a great variety of colored chips trimmed with ribbon to match or a good contrast. The fashionable flowers seem to be the elegant scarlet cactus, in bright, soft shades of velvet, which gives it a peculiar lustre, magnolias, water-lilies, and geraniums. Bright flowers, with brown grass and heather, have an excellent effect in the caps of bonnets which are trimmed with plaids.

Black *crin*, or horse-hair bonnets, are very much worn, and the new color *Milan*, which is between a salmon and a corn color, looks particularly well on them. Roses of this color, with scarlet berries and black ribbon, make a very stylish trimming.

Another new color is called *flamme de punch*, from its resembling the bright, flickering light from a punch bowl. This color is particularly pretty for a white straw or chip bonnet. Amethyst is also one of the new colors.

Black crins also look well trimmed with feathers having plaid tips. This is arranged by tipping each little feathery strand with a different color, which produces a plaid-like effect. Another style of trimming for a black bonnet is a green and blue ribbon or velvet, and peacock's tips; the last being very fashionable for children's hats, for head-dress, and for the trimming of ball dresses.

Tufts of feathers studded with jet, steel, and crystal, are much in vogue for bonnets and headdresses.

Travelling bonnets are made of silk to match the dress, or of colored straw. They are very much trimmed with chenille fringe, tipped with large beads falling over the face and crown.

Children are all wearing hats, and the newest trimming we have seen is a band of velvet or ribbon round the crown, with a falling bow at the back. This bow is not fastened on the hat, but depends from the ends, which are apart at the top and are joined below the brim. Many also are trimmed with straw ribbons ornamented with a narrow design in black, also straw ornaments, such as oats, lilies of the valley, fringes, buttons, and straw tassels. The prettiest flowers are poppies, daisies, hops, corn flowers, buttercups, and bright berries.

We notice that parasols are a shade longer than last year, and are trimmed with leather, lace insertions, and beads. The trimmings are all laid on the parasols, and not allowed to fall over. The handles are carved wood, either oak or walnut, or a light transparent ivory resembling tortoise shell.

Linen sets are now being relieved by an edging of Valenciennes, which renders them much more becoming. As yet no new shapes have appeared.

A very pretty and simple headdress for a young lady is formed of two bands of plaid velvet round the front of the head, and a large bow at the left side. One band only passes round the head, and in this is an elastic, so that it may be arranged high or low to suit the coiffure. Thick gold cords are frequently entwined in the hair with good effect.

Young ladies are still wearing the front hair either in rolls, double rolls, or crimped. The latter, though pretty, we would not advise as a permanent style, as we consider it very injurious to the hair. The back hair is arranged either in waterfall or Grecian style. The latter, we may say, is the rage. As all our fair friends are not endowed with curly locks, and curly papers are certainly neither graceful nor tidy, and pinching the hair is decidedly not a tonic, we would advise them to have a false Grecian. These are exceedingly pretty, and fastened on a comb so they can be arranged in the hair without any trouble.

In bows there are a very great variety of style. The white ones are quite small and ornamented with applications of bright-colored silk or velvet chain stitched on in points and other designs.

For young ladies we particularly admire the French muslins dotted in colors; these are very suitable for a party dress for a miss, and can be worn throughout the summer, always looking fresh and pretty and much more suitable than a trimmed dress.

A very elegant ball dress can be made of tufted illusion. It represents clouds of tulle fastened down on a thin skirt at equal and regular distances by small bows with ends. Either white or colored bows can be used, and the effect is perfectly charming. It is, however, an expensive dress, for unless the dress is exceedingly full, it loses its soft, cloud-like appearance. We are told that it requires fifty yards of tulle and two hundred and twenty yards of ribbon for this style of dress, but we look upon this as an exaggeration.

In the present number we give some very excellent headdresses, not from the *Maison* Tilman, but of their stamp. Our readers will now see how the little oddities, such as snakes and the mother-of-pearl butterflies, are arranged, though the cuts, we admit, give but a faint idea of the elegant originals.

Mother-of-pearl, which we first saw introduced in the Tilman headdresses, and of which we spoke in our last chat, is rapidly gaining ground. The ever-varying colors it emits by gas light render it a valuable addition to an evening toilet. The pearly part of the shell is separated in strips as thin as paper, and with these lavers, trembling oats and wheat ears are admirably well imitated. These, mixed with other flowers and arranged on the head and over the dress, produce a glittering and beautiful effect.

We had an opportunity recently of witnessing at Mme. Demorest's a new and very efficient running-stitch sewing machine. It is quite unlike the former one both in appearance and operation. A common short sewing needle is used, which is very easily placed and not at all liable to be broken. Mothers and dressmakers will find this little machine of infinite service in making up all kinds of clothing.

The Roman scarfs which we described last month are now exceedingly fashionable. Not only are they made of split zephyr, but they are also woven in bright-colored silks. The latest style for wearing them is to knot them at the back of the neck and allow the ends to hang down behind.

In our next chat we will give a description of some of Mme. Natalie Tilman's new importations. FASHION.